

The TATLER

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June 26, 1940



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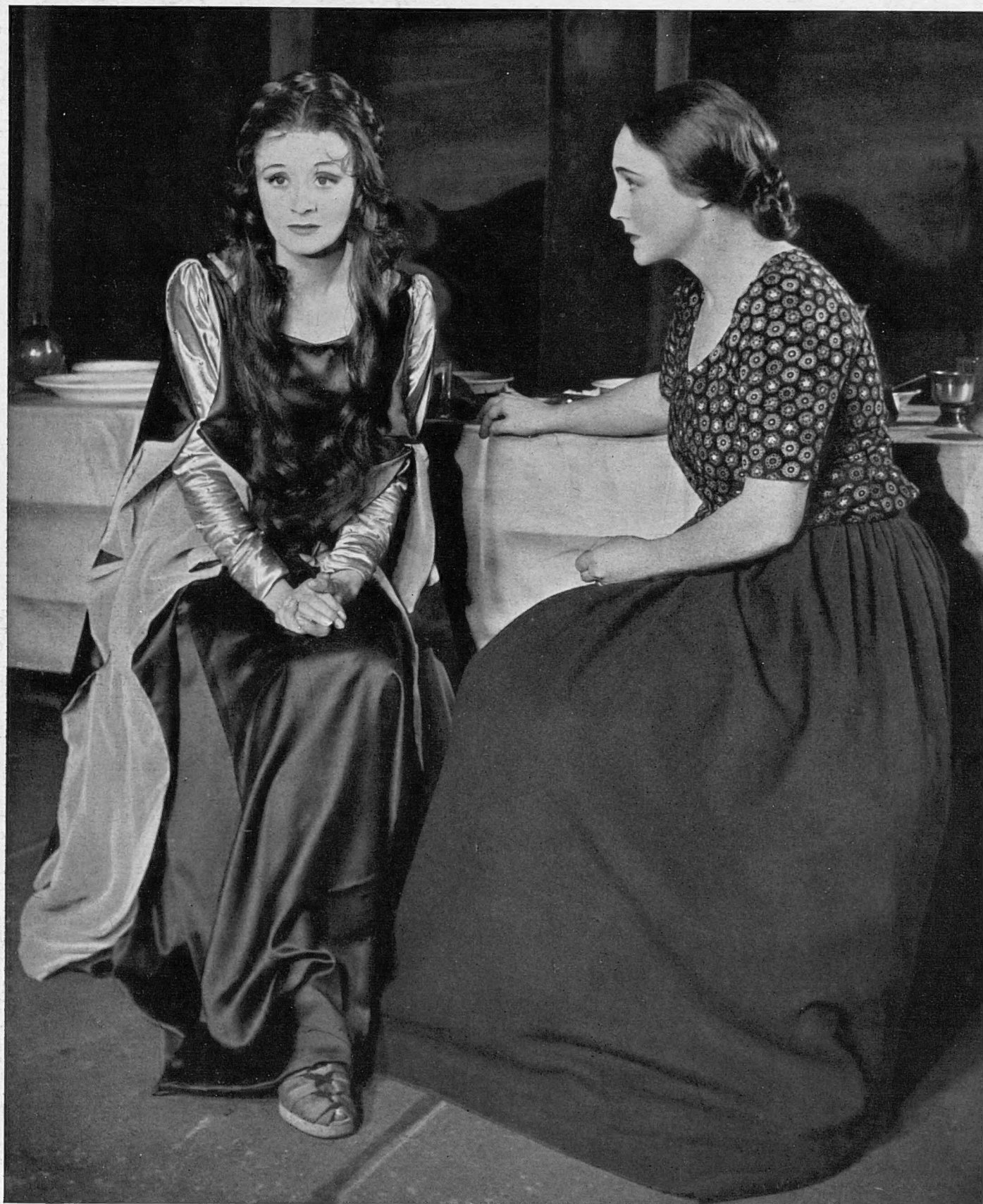
THE TATLER

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Houston Rogers

“ HE BLESSES THE POOR AND THE MEEK, AND THOSE WHO WEEP ”

Ursula Jeans as Mary of Magdala and Fay Compton as Mary the Mother of Jesus in the moving play *Family Portrait*, which comes to us from America and is the work of Lenore and William Joyce Cowen. This story of the life of Christ, as it may have appeared to his family in Nazareth, has won golden opinions in America, and in the English production both Fay Compton and Ursula Jeans give exquisite performances. The play opened at the Bournemouth Pavilion and next goes on to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, etc.



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

France's tragedy lay in the fact that she had disregarded for too long those who had urged the need for "new men and new methods." One of those was General Charles de Gaulle, who came immediately into prominence when M. Paul Reynaud relieved M. Daladier of the responsibility for defence.

Six years ago Charles de Gaulle wrote a book which provoked acute controversy in French military circles. It was addressed to the French Army as an act of service to "its faith, its strength and its glory." The writer was among the first to see the influence on modern warfare of the machine, to recognize the immense opportunities for surprise and manoeuvre conferred by the aeroplane and the tank. Nor did he fail to stress the incompatibility of a foreign policy based on alliances with distant states and a military policy based on a rigid defensive theory.

War found de Gaulle directing the training of the French Tank Corps. He was a colonel, tall, blond, blue-eyed and incisive. He had for long been the intimate friend and adviser of Paul Reynaud, who had been wholly convinced that the arguments of this young officer were a hundred per cent sound. His prayer was that some combination of circumstances might ensure that the French frontier defences would remain intact for one year; that during that breathing space the whole energies of his country might be directed to converting the army, of which he was so proud, into a force equipped for offence and for meeting the challenge of a highly mechanized enemy.

He pleaded for construction of one thousand tanks of one hundred tons, supported by an equivalent force of medium and light armoured mechanical units. "It can be done," he would say, "but first it is necessary to have the will. One must start today." His advice was heard too late. Before he came to a position of authority the front was broken and northern France overrun. Eighty per cent of the nation's steel resources were in the hands of the enemy or immobilized by the proximity of the battle. The greatest tank factories lay almost in the heart of Paris. On the day when it was decided to abandon the capital he must have known that the end of a phase in French history was at hand. In 1934 he had written "each time during the past century that Paris has been taken, the resistance of France did not continue for an hour. Our national defence essentially is that of Paris."

In the tragic days of last week, General de Gaulle was playing a prominent rôle. Although his Government had retired nearly four hundred miles south-west to Bordeaux, he paid several visits to London. His spirit was unbroken.



GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE
"FRANCE IS NOT LOST"

The vigorous pronouncement of the Chef du Cabinet Militaire in the Government of M. Reynaud, the predecessor of General Petain in the Premiership, has not unnaturally caused a flutter in certain dovescotes. In effect, General de Gaulle refuses to accept the fact that the French armies are defeated and that the last word has, or ought to have been said

He looked at France and her great, far-flung empire, knew the spirit of his people and, let it be stressed, had no word of recrimination against his British Allies, a man who could continue to see things as they were and not as they might have been. He returned happily to Bordeaux carrying with him the draft declaration projected by the British Government for a complete fusion of the two nations, their empires and resources in an Anglo-French Union. He reached Bordeaux to find M. Paul Reynaud's Government broken—broken by the insistence of the 84-years-old Marshal Petain that an armistice must be sought.

M. Paul Reynaud's tragedy lies in the fact that he invited the old marshal to join his Government because his was a name with which to conjure in France; a name which would give full confidence to the people. They said that despite his age his faculties were unimpaired. In fact he was a wonderful old man for his age. So was General Weygand, despite acute physical disabilities of a kind, which render a man unable to withstand prolonged strain. But like Foch twenty-two years before, they had given him a lost battle and asked him to turn it into a victory.

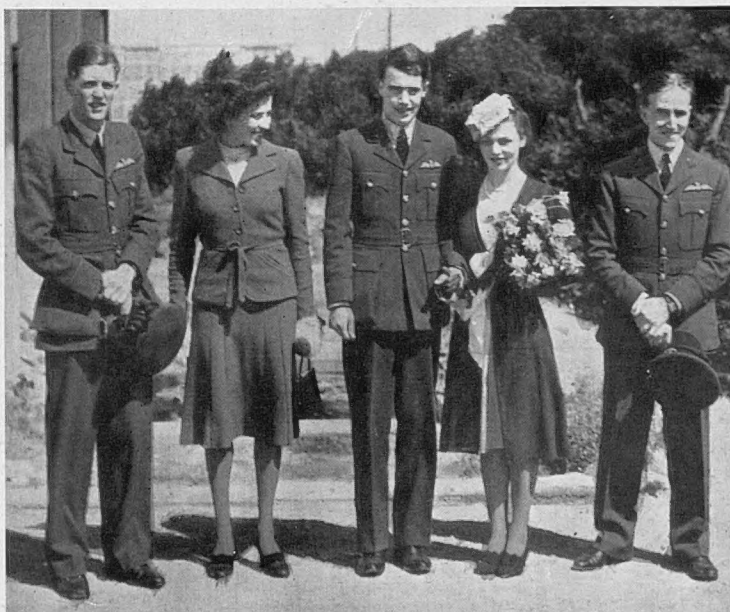
Gallant and stout-hearted throughout was Admiral Darlan, in command of the French fleet—a splendid force including at the beginning of this year, seven fine battleships, eighteen cruisers, sixty destroyers and seventy-seven submarines. Among those battleships are several of most modern type, more than a match in speed and guns for the German pocket battleships—and, incidentally, for the best Britain has as yet in commission. It was small wonder that Britain's first question on receipt of the armistice news was :

"What about the French fleet?" Admiral Darlan had declared that never while he was in command would that fleet surrender to the enemy.

To discuss the Petain Government in these notes would be of little value. In France, Governments can come and go quickly. Before they are in print the scene in Bordeaux may have changed. Indeed, we may yet find that the seat of French Government has been moved to North Africa; that the French Empire fights on though resistance on the soil of France is at an end. That would have been the decision of M. Paul Reynaud at the moment when he was overwhelmed by that group of French politicians which for years has been seeking to compound with the old enemy and to thrust aside the hand of friendship from Britain.

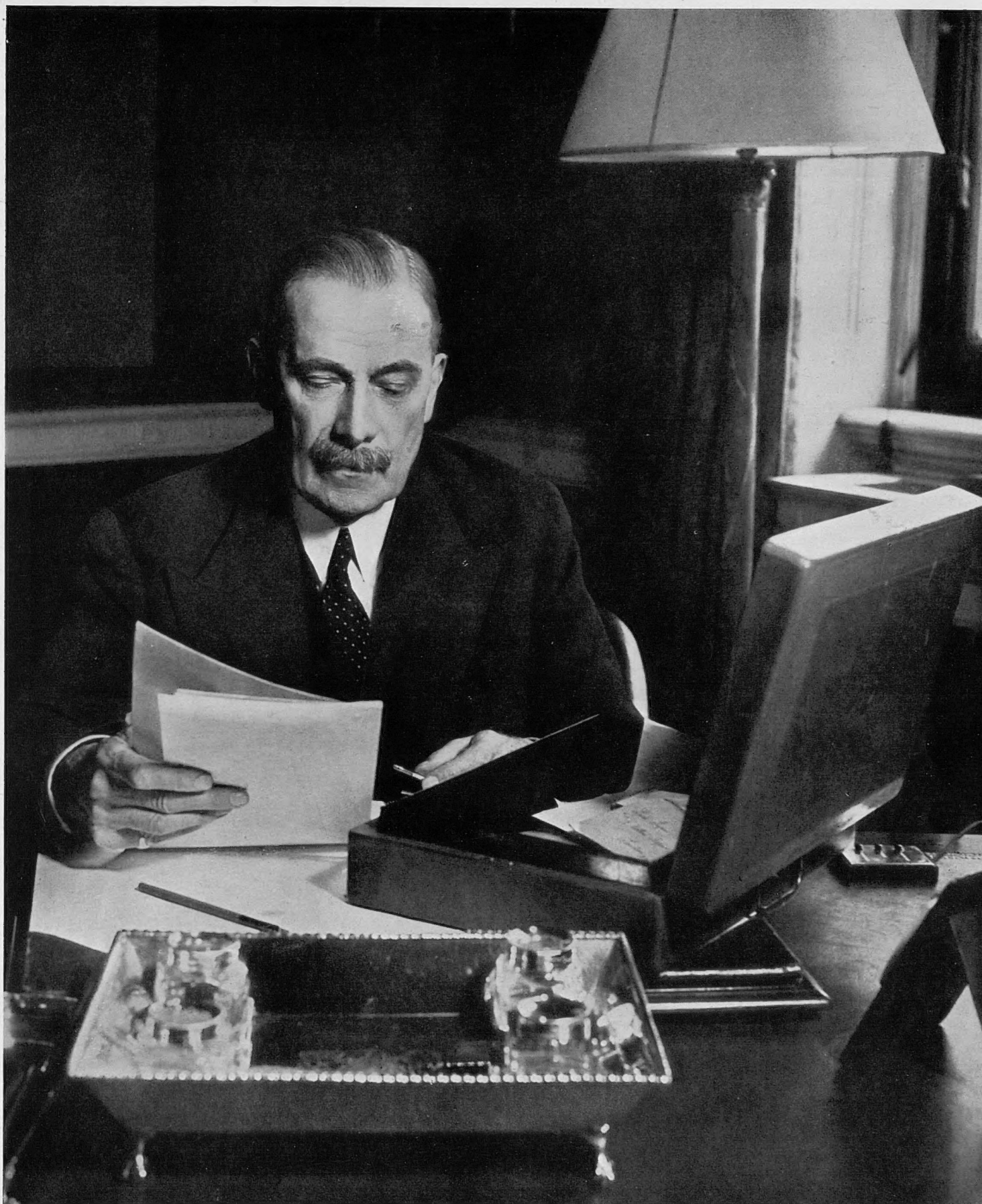
It is a deplorable fact, but one which we must face, that by its conduct of our affairs during the first eight relatively tranquil months of this war, the late British Government did little to weaken the subversive influence which those faint-hearted French politicians could exert in their own

(Continued on page 486)



AN AIR FORCE WEDDING IN GUERNSEY

The bride was Miss Rosina Emburey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Emburey, of Cambridge, and the bridegroom, Lord and Lady Swinton's younger son, the Hon. Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who is in the Auxiliary Air Force. Lord Swinton was Secretary of State for Air from 1935 to 1938. The names in the group are, left to right: Pilot Officer M. Dalziell-McBean, the best man, Mrs. S. G. Fenwick, wife of Pilot Officer S. G. Fenwick, who gave the bride away, the bride and bridegroom, and Pilot Officer S. G. Fenwick. The wedding was at the Forest Church, Guernsey



Tunbridge—Sedgwick

LORD TRYON, THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS

The former Postmaster-General who did so many good works in that office is now greatly to the gain of the Ministry, the First Commissioner of Works, a charge in which he may be called upon to do anything from repairing the Houses of Parliament to building a new Post Office, and in this time of war to many other things as well, such as provisioning of office accommodation for Defence and Civil Departments and Ministries and multifarious other things. Like many another distinguished character in history Lord Tryon, after Eton and Sandhurst, became a Grenadier Guard, and served with much distinction. He is the son of the late Admiral Sir George Tryon and the Hon. Lady Tryon who was a sister of Lord Ancaster

The Way of the War—(Cont. from page 484)

country. Throughout that time no common plan was devised whereby the Allies could hope to impose their will upon the powerful enemy they had challenged to battle in September, 1939. Nor was the tempo of British war effort such that our friends in France could say to our detractors, "See the might of our ally." Where were the lengthened hours in the factories, where the ruthless limitation of our comforts, where the drilling men which alone to France conveys military preparation? Where were the tanks and the guns? We could only say, somewhat shamefacedly, that everything would be splendid—in 1942. Meantime, by our skilful diplomacy we should preserve the peace in the Mediterranean and strangle the enemy with our leaky blockade.

Thus, while we proceeded sedately with our preparation to fight the war we had declared at some distant future date, France hesitated to concur in any aggressive policy, either by the air bombardment of Germany or the exercise of economic pressure on Italy. In these circumstances it was hardly surprising that the United States saw no reason to modify its own attitude of strict neutrality. Nor was it peculiar that the Balkan countries reserved their judgment as to who would be the masters of Europe when the war came to an end.

Seen against this lightly sketched background, we can appreciate the general outlook in Europe and elsewhere. The magnitude of the German military success must not be underrated. Within two months Germany has established control over the entire western seaboard of Europe from the Arctic Circle to the Bay of Biscay; and Spain, no matter what may be said to the contrary, is under her control. In the process she has dissipated her



GENERAL MITTELHAUSER

This picture was taken shortly after the conclusion of the Norwegian campaign. Since then General Mittelhauser has gone to the French Middle East Command. Eugene Mittelhauser is rated one of the most alert and brilliant soldiers in the French Army and first won distinction in the last war in Algeria and Morocco

forces to an astonishing degree and has squandered her material recklessly. According to the Hitler doctrine of maximum risks for maximum results, this does not matter. The armoured columns have done their work on the Continent. The sacrifice of half the fleet was deemed a reasonable price to pay for control of Scandinavia.

But the territories over which this scourge has passed are devastated. Prosperous towns lie in ruins; bridges and railways are destroyed; factories are battered and burnt; and in the fields, the ditches and the streets lie the broken bodies of thousands of men and women. Soon famine and pestilence will follow in the grim trail. Will the German capacity for organization be able to rise superior to these natural forces? Already neutral travellers from Germany itself tell of great food shortage and little elation in this hour of triumphs, while nightly, when weather conditions are suitable, the Royal Air Force extends the area of destruction on German soil. In the next ten

months this will be the sole offensive weapon which we can employ against the enemy. By his conquest of Northern France he has deprived us of advanced aerodromes from which the range of Germany which can be brought under our bombardment could be extended. None the less, our operations are having important results, both on his physical ability to maintain his fighting machine in full action and on the morale of his people.

How else can Germany be impeded? One's eye turns naturally to the East, and there finds Russia and Turkey, the latter our ally in respect of operations in the Mediterranean or Balkans, the former still something of an enigma, but the long-standing friend of Turkey. We must avoid wishful thinking and recall the fate of our negotiations in Moscow last year. But since then there have been certain positive changes which may affect the situation in our favour.

In those days the representatives of Stalin insisted that Russia wished to safeguard herself against domination of Europe by Germany. But as the price of pledging her guarantees with those of Britain and France she demanded the right to occupy part of Poland and strong positions in the Baltic states and Finland—though these latter were thinly veiled demands. Because Britain would not authorize those incursions into the liberties of other states, and because Stalin was unconvinced that Britain under the Chamberlain Government would ever go to war in earnest, Russia entered into a short-term bargain with Germany whereby she was able to snatch what she wanted. Lately, she has been putting the finishing touches to those operations.

Since Germany started to come west in a big way, Russia has exhibited increasing signs of ill-ease. The suggestion that a new British

(Continued on page 522)



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD WESTMACOTT

Miss Frances Aileen McClean, elder daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean of Huntercombe Place, Henley, was married on June 19 at Nuffield Parish Church to Richard Westmacott, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Westmacott



LADY BROUGHTON AND HER SON

Like so many other mothers and sons Lady Broughton and Mr. E. D. Broughton are serving their country. Mr. Broughton is in the Irish Guards and Lady Broughton is an officer in one of the very highly efficient units to which the women of our land belong



SPEECH DAY AT WELLINGTON

attended by the President,
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught



MISS AUDREY SCHUSTER, LIONEL SCHUSTER, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
L. R. SCHUSTER, LIEUTENANT N. L. B. SCHUSTER, R.N., LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL BEVIR AND MRS. SCHUSTER

They had much better weather on Speech Day at Wellington than the Duke had for his battle, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and in spite of all that is happening in the outside world, every one enjoyed themselves, and in addition to the Duke of Connaught, who made a special point of being present, and looked on from his car. Lord Derby, the vice-president, attended, and at the conclusion of the programme of events, gave away the prizes. Wellington, which was founded in honour of the Iron Duke, was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1853



PHYSICAL JERKS ON THE COLLEGE LAWN

There was also cricket, but P.T. is a leading note in things at this fine factory for future Iron Dukes and Alexanders

(On Left):

H.R.H. THE
DUKE OF
CONNAUGHT
AND MR. R. P.
LONGDEN, THE
HEADMASTER

H.R.H. who is
the President of
Wellington Col-
lege, motored
over specially to
be present at the
celebrations



H. G. I. ALLEN AND PARENTS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL
AND MRS. R. ALLEN. (Below) MRS. T. A. HUGHES,
GENERAL CHARLES MELVILLE AND ANTHONY HUGHES



THE DECISIVE RÔLE OF THE TANK

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

THE tank has come into its own with a vengeance. The German Panzer Divisions have swept all before them—more through numbers than mechanical superiority. Here is a child of our own brain, born in the last war in order to overcome the stalemate of barbed wire-cum-machine gun.

For years after that last war the Royal Tank Corps languished against two obstacles—lack of equipment and tanks (except the old war Mark V's) and official scepticism to the Panzer tank idea, i.e., break through and raider tank tactics. For some years, tank officers and their leaders—Boney Fuller, George Lindsay and Hobo—waged an unequal contest against a heavy mass of conservative thought in the army. Where are these tank leaders of vision now? Alas, "visionaires" too often find themselves in early retirement! But their theories have been vindicated to the point of saturation.

No speed in tanks could be obtained until a "sprung track" could be devised. The small crab-like "Carden-Lloyd," now blossoming as our infantry "machine gun carrier"—the Martel light tank and the earliest Vickers medium tank gradually went through their early paces. The Martel dropped out of the running and the official Victor-RR light tank replaced it, with the other two, as the new tank vehicles.

For years no big production was carried out, for it was then wisely considered better to keep on experimenting as each year saw improvements. Had we gone into big production in the early days we should have been landed now with masses of obsolete vehicles. As in aircraft and other weapons, the balance had to be struck between these two factors—having enough, but not the latest, when the war came, or being caught still experimenting with a few of the very latest.

The French went into earlier big production rather than experimenting, with the result that many of their tanks could not stand up against the latest types. The German and Italian Air Forces are for this same reason landed with the bulk of their machines of earlier and less efficient models than ours—but, on the other hand, we have the very latest but not sufficient for our grave needs.

This long experimental period in tanks necessitated very niggardly tank units—just a small brigade tried its paces on Salisbury Plain, although only half equipped, then followed one armoured division, then later another one in Egypt. Their training was based entirely on the German Panzer Division manoeuvres except that (1) dive bombers were not used to replace artillery and machine-gun fire and (2) light tanks preceded all the other tanks instead of a few heavy tanks going first as is the German custom now. As new models of tanks became faster and faster, it was clear that they would usurp the traditional function of cavalry—they could do all the cavalry work and in addition have much more fire power, as well as armoured protection. Soon armoured cars and light tanks were issued to cavalry regiments, thus those who opposed this

revolution were the first to be affected by it. There was, naturally, an awkward period before the horse-minded soldiers, especially the senior officers, could transfer their allegiance so suddenly from the horse to the machine. After all, they had selected a cavalry regiment because of their love of horse flesh. The transition period was slow—they kept some of their horses, and polo continued.

So gradually our armoured divisions came to consist of battalions of the Royal Tank Corps and regiments of cavalry until last year they were amalgamated into the Royal Armoured Corps.

While hostilities continue, the less said about our own vehicles the better. But it is generally known that our Panzer Divisions included different proportions of armoured cars, light tanks, medium and cruiser tanks, close support and salvage tanks. In addition to these were added, a few months ago, several brigades of heavy infantry tanks, whose sole job was to help forward infantry. Their use was still based on the last-war doctrines of wire and trenches—the "Maginot complex" still pervaded our army as well as that of the French. We were still infected with passive-defensive ideas, for would they not enable us to make the war a long one and was this not exactly what the Germans could not endure? As time, we said, was so heavily on our side, we could wear the Germans down and prolong the war better behind fortifications.

The Germans were not slow to develop their tanks and give them the primary rôle in their *blitzkrieg* manoeuvre. They surprised us with the sudden arrival in the field at Sedan of their new heavy tank. The secret, especially as regards their numbers, had been well kept. Apparently our Intelligence Service and Military Attachés failed to unearth this secret. These monsters, weighing about seventy tons, carried two cannon—each of their 37 mm. guns firing four hundred rounds of ammunition, plus two machine guns. But it was in the thickness of their armour that they got away with it. The French 75's and our own field

guns could pierce this shield, but not some of our lighter anti-tank guns, nor, in all cases, our own tank cannon, the two-pounder, unless at close range.

The sequence of the German armoured pushes was roughly as follows. A weak spot is found and exploited rapidly—reconnaissance planes report to the tanks what lies ahead—dive bombers engage any opposition. Before the defenders have recovered from this onslaught a few heavy tanks appear, followed by some motorized infantry, then other tanks and that nasty little German trench mortar. Motor cyclists with machine guns mounted on their sidecars (or with Tommy guns) work their way round the flanks while paratroops are dropped deeper in our rear. At this stage fifth-columnist activity behind our front might be noticeable. When the wedge is sufficiently wide, up pour more motorized infantry, followed by the foot-slogging infantry. If an aerodrome is seized or any suitable flat piece of land (even a by-pass road will do) troop-carrying planes disgorge several hundreds of men within an hour. Meanwhile, the tanks are spreading out fanwise into small armoured columns, rolling up our rear services supplies and communications.

Confusion and havoc begin to reign behind our lines. Refugees flooding the roads impede both our reinforcements and our troops falling back. They may also include fifth-columnists or Germans disguised. The feeling grows that no one can be trusted, that no place is safe.

How, then, are these methods met? How can we prevent this new terror? General Weygand's prescription was greater depth, deep pockets of resistance, field guns formed into motorized and mobile columns and more and more field guns to knock out the enemy's tanks. He had only a few days in which to knock the Maginot disease out of his army's head and to substitute more flexible tactics.

The German Panzer Division (of four hundred tanks and eleven thousand men each) consists of four regiments of all types of tanks. Each regiment disposes of twenty-five to thirty heavy tanks; not a large proportion. It is possible that the surprise effect of this new machine has already spent itself; like all war surprises, the antidote is soon found and the surprise is exploded. Few of our elaborate anti-tank obstacles are effective in this form of open warfare. But there are certain avenues which enemy tanks are likely to choose or can be shepherded into. These consist usually of ground good for tank going. Here, hasty tank mines, etc., can be scattered. But there has not been time on the last French positions to construct anything in the nature of the "Asparagus Molotov Cocktail" and other forms of unpleasant tank medicine. It is a tragedy that just as the French were receiving quantities of the new Dewoitine fighters they were obliged to end the contest. These fighters carried a cannon nearly as big as a 75 and were very handy. The new American Bell "Airacobras," with a 37 mm. cannon and no less than four machine guns, are now available and will soon be pouring over to our rescue.



A BRITISH TANK IN EGYPT

The article on this page deals most informatively with the developments of tank tactics in ultra-modern war and the elaboration of this form of attack, especially by the enemy. Our mechanized forces in Egypt have already scored many successes against the opposition



THE BOYS COME HOME

Some Well — Some Wounded — All Cheerful

BACK FROM THE FRONT—READY FOR THE NEXT ROUND

A party of the B.E.F., successfully and very sensibly withdrawn from the north-west front of the line in France. When the Allied line broke, first at Sedan, and afterwards elsewhere, the whole of the left was placed in great jeopardy. Private A. Verity is the man in the forefront, leading a little dog, whose master, an officer in The Bays, has failed to return



MENDING THEIR HURTS IN THE PLEASANTEST SURROUNDINGS

Under present circumstances it would be indiscreet in the last degree to give any indication as to the position of this house, lent by someone of note as a repairing place for men who have been in the recent bitter fighting in France and Flanders. It is indiscreet to mention the locality for one overwhelming reason, namely, because wounded, refugees and helpless women and children are the Huns' pet targets



JANICE LOGAN IN THE NEW THRILLER
"DR. CYCLOPS"

The old story of the original gentleman of the name finds a quaint elaboration in this exciting and entertaining Paramount film which opened at the Carlton on June 20. It is directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who made *King Kong* and *Chang*, and tells us of a mad doctor (played by Albert Dekker) who has discovered a process by which he can reduce his fellow mortals to one-fifth of their normal size. Janice Logan plays Dr. Mary Mitchell, one of Dekker's victims, and we see what happens to her. Is there an intended object lesson in all this?

THERE is a horrible scene at the end of Edmond de Goncourt's *La Faustin*. Lord Annandale is dying, and the French tragédienne who is his mistress is keeping watch by the bedside. Presently she begins to study the workings of the human countenance *in extremis*. And since her art has become her second nature, she goes to the mirror to see if she will be able to reproduce on the stage the physical agony of dissolution. At the very end, the dying man has a moment's consciousness, and, seeing what his mistress is about, he tells her that she is only an artist. Turning his face to the wall and knowing that it is his last utterance, he throws over his shoulder the words: "Turn out that woman!"

The foregoing is more or less the theme of Henry Bernstein's *Le Bonheur* at the Embassy Cinema. Charles Boyer is a caricaturist engaged by a newspaper to make a drawing of Gaby Morlay, a famous vedette and film star. He is also a violent communist who holds outrage to be the best form of protest. He must shoot somebody, well in the public eye, and who better than a music-hall star? So Charles shoots Gaby, but not fatally. After which there follows a long trial scene in M. Bernstein's most psychological manner. Charles puts up the fantastic defence of justification. Gaby, in the witness-box makes an

Nonsense and Sense

eloquent speech in the young man's defence. "Don't listen to her," cries Charles from the dock. "She is sick of music-hall, wants to get a job at the Odéon, and this is the rehearsal!" "Yes," cries Gaby, "I admit that I was play-acting. But now I am serious, and I demand that this young man be given to me!"

It can be imagined how goggle-eyed the English cinema audience sat through this windy warfare. However, the young man is sent to prison, and when he comes out, who should be waiting in her motor car but Gaby, who has spent the intervening eight months getting divorced from her husband,

renunciation all round that Charles abandons his notion of shooting Gaby for good and plenty. "You are an artist," he cries, "and it is with the artist that I shall remain in love. Whatever part you may be playing, think always of me, for somewhere in the ninepennies I shall be lurking!" And the film ends with Gaby yodelling her head off with theme songs and nostalgia, and Charles in the ninepennies, gazing at the screen! I shall only add that the progress of this film is accompanied by a crescendo of hilarity in the audience, from the smothered gurgle to the open shriek.

Wiping our eyes we turn with relief to the sober sanities of *Balalaika*, which is in the same programme. But *of course*, a Russian prince posing as his own valet would successfully take in a cabaret singer! And *of course*, that cabaret singer will turn out to have a better kind of voice, and climbing over the heads of all other Russian opera singers, make her début at a state performance of *Scheherazade*, which we now learn Rimsky-Korsakov wrote as an opera! And *of course*, her father is sitting in the gallery ready to shoot his father in a box, the latter being the Grand Duke Something-or-other. And *of course*, the date is August 1, 1914, and the grand duke announces that Germany has declared war on Russia. After which we are whisked into the trenches and thence to post-war Paris with Russian grand dukes and princes earning their living as wine-waiters and taxi drivers, reverting to their former grandeur only on New Year's Eve. *Balalaika* is Columbus's egg all over again, with its author, Eric Maschwitz, in the rôle of Columbus. A very good film of wilful nonsense, and a great recovery after the pretentious nonsense of M. Bernstein.



UNDER THE IRON HEEL OF MAD DR. CYCLOPS

who originally married her for her money and now dotes on her! Gaby and Charles, who is collarless and down-at-heel, are spending an explanatory evening in the lady's boudoir when news comes that the last scene in her new film must be re-shot. Gaby rushes off for the re-take, and Charles following her, discovers that she has made a film out of his attack upon her! After which they return to the boudoir for more explanations. The husband also turns up, and there is so much

of Ginger's lax mother, outrageous grandmother, and perfectly appalling baby sister. But why Miles Mander as the drunken father? I know that he plays an American scholar; what I do not believe is that American scholars in drink turn English. On the other hand I suspect that some of the credit for getting this courageous film into being belongs to Mr. Mander. And anyhow, Ginger's performance is immense.

J.A.



CRAYON AND CAMERA: MARGARET VYNER AND HER HUSBAND,
HUGH WILLIAMS

The bride of the twenty-first of this month has been called, ere now, "Australia's leading social ambassadress of beauty," and it may be acknowledged that the title is not unearned. As Margaret Vyner, Mrs. Hugh Williams has had successes both on the stage and the screen, and it may be recalled that she had the honour of being selected to go to New York to show the models of the dresses which H.M. the Queen wore on the Canadian Royal Tour. Margaret Vyner appeared in Frederick Lonsdale's *Once Is Enough* in the States, and later in *French Without Tears* in this country. Mr. Hugh Williams, the well-known actor, has been in the Army since the outbreak of war



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

George Arliss Continues

HOW interesting it is when a man will talk about his job! Any kind of job is interesting, because every kind of job has, so to speak, its inner history which outsiders never perceive. Its human aspect, maybe. Especially is it interesting when a man discusses his labour, not from the point of view of his own success, but simply as an issue of his own life which he understands, since personal experience has taught him so much. Very

eloquent over their own personal knowledge. Yet nearly always it is the other way about. Most people talk in order to say nothing with conviction, whereas a man who talks "shop" does at any rate tell of something of some degree of importance. And always, so long as he does not employ the subject as a method of self-propaganda, he is well worth listening to. Consequently, autobiographies—which can so easily be absorbingly interesting or more easily forgettable than any other form of literature—are a sure test of a man's inner quality, apart from what he has merely seen and done.

In this way I rank Mr. George Arliss's second volume "of autobiography, "George Arliss by Himself" (John Murray; 15s.), high in the ranks of recent self-portraits-by-confession. Its quality is that although he himself confesses that nothing sensational ever seems to happen to him, the fact remains that he is so gifted as a writer that the unimportant never fails to be delightfully readable. In fact, although most of the book is naturally taken up with his job as actor and film star, those parts which deal solely with his domestic life and friendships are equally interesting. Indeed, they often leave a more lasting impression on the memory. I cannot myself, for example, tell you many of the technicalities of successful film-making, although Mr. Arliss explains them so vividly, but I can remember the trivial incident when he relates how his wife's dog, in spite of their mutual familiarity, refuses to accept him as a walking companion for more than a few hundred yards away from home. I know so well that kind of dog; adorable but so exasperating!

however, the first essential to a really entertaining companion. His book is full of that dry humour which personally I find far more amusing than the knowingly and thus deliberately comic. But it absolutely rules out of the count any quotations from the book of good stories. There aren't any—at least, not of the kind you can relate yourself to the hitherto ignorant. On the other hand, George Arliss's film career is an excellent story by itself. Especially as it is told by himself. In spite of his own personal success and the success of nearly all the films in which he has appeared, the result has been the end of so many long and tiring preliminaries that there can be only small glamour left in the process.

His was no sudden rise to fame on the strength of a profile or a manly, breezy manner. His stage career began in the blood and thunder of the Elephant and Castle Theatre; than which there are, or have been, many worse beginnings. If more modern actors and actresses had been through that school of histrionic terrors we should probably not now be too often paying our money to listen to mumbling. Mr. Arliss learnt his job in the hard school of the provinces before the films took over the theatre's popularity. He was a successful actor long before he was a successful film star, and to his expert knowledge of stage technique he realises he owes his success as a film actor. The latter being essentially the former in a moderated degree. His film opportunity came early. It occurred when, with the coming of the "talkies," the film directors suddenly realised that during the silent days they had too often been simply drilling a lot of plastic dummies. As a consequence, almost every actor and actress of note was in immediate demand. Mr. Arliss tells us, however, that he only became a

film actor as a kind of holiday occupation. Even now he confesses: "To be out all day in the pure air and sunshine of California and to be paid for it is an aspect of work which seems too good to be true."

Once a film actor, however, he began at once to take this new aspect of his art as seriously as it had been his habit to study his parts on the stage. With his quick rise to film fame he was fortunately in the position to make his own demands; not financial demands, but demands concerning story, treatment and the construction of the film in which he was to appear. His account of the actual making of a film—from the long search for a suitable story, through the weeks of labour to fit that story for the screen, to the actual completion of the film itself—is "shop" in its most interesting, mentally illuminating form. He describes it

with a combination of enthusiasm, shrewdness and that dry humour which, as I wrote before, makes this autobiography so unusually readable. Incidentally, he seeks to explain that mystery which has puzzled so many people—the mystery which divides the star

(Continued on page 494)



LORD SOMERS AND LADY LAMPSON IN CAIRO

Lady Lampson, who married Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador to Egypt, in 1934, now Commandant of a Cairo First Aid Organisation, is seen with Lord Somers, the Deputy Chief Scout for Great Britain. Cairo is having its full share of anxious times!



THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT THE HERITAGE CRAFT SCHOOLS

After conducting the Confirmation service for the children at these schools at Chailey, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Winnington-Ingram went into the playground and had a game of stoolball with them

seldom will a man talk thus, and then more often to a stranger than to an acquaintance. Nevertheless, I myself would willingly listen to such self-revelation for hours. And I care not in the least if the job in question be that of a plumber, a soldier or sailor, a dentist, dressmaker, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I like the inner history of anything, the kind of story which alone experience has to tell; and any day give me "shop" rather than conversational chit-chat as a means of passing the time profitably. Always I wish people were more tongue-tied over their theories and more

In the first chapter, entitled "Warning," he confesses that his autobiography may lack the essential sense of humour expected in a book of back-stage—or should it be back-location?—life, but I can assure you he is over-modest: this is probably,



PETTY-OFFICER R. BARNES

H.M.S. *Eclipse* was one of the destroyers in the flotillas which bore such a brilliant part in the operations off the Norwegian coast



ADMIRAL SIR MARTIN DUNBAR-NASMITH, V.C.

Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith got his V.C. in the last war for that gallant feat in the Dardanelles when commanding submarine *E.11*



LEADING-SEAMAN WALKER

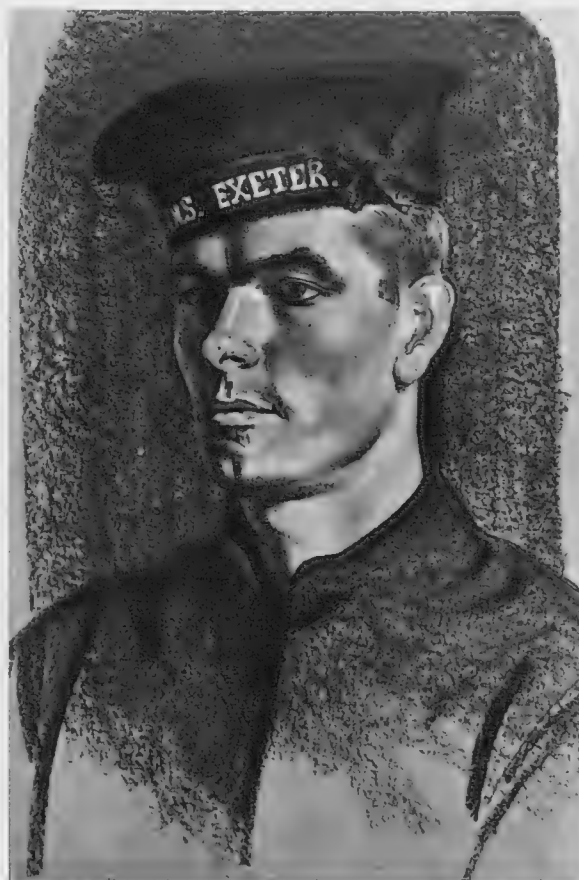
Another of the crew of the *Eclipse*, one of the destroyers damaged by aerial enemy attack off Norway. Every man Jack in every ship did his job as British seamen always do and always will

THE LOOK OF THE NAVY

Striking War Portraits
by Eric Kennington

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These pictures are part of a series commissioned by the Service Departments and the Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Information and recommended for purchase. They and other works by Eric Kennington form a vigorous record of the men of our great fighting services. Most of the pictures here reproduced are portraits of men who have been in the recent hard fighting



STOKER GILL, OF THE GALLANT "EXETER"

At the Battle of the River Plate *Exeter* was the main target of the *Graf Spee*'s 11-inch guns, but even when disabled she fought on. Captain Bell commanded her in that gallant and epic action

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

cast from the cast which never rises above support. The star actor, he says, "has frequently displayed a power to raise a mediocre play above the level of mediocrity and to make a good play appear a little better than it really is. Perhaps that is why the supporting actor remains just where he is; perhaps he can be ever faithful to an author without being able to help him in an emergency."

So in this autobiography we are given as good an account of how the best films are made and acted and produced as any I have come across for a long, long time. Nevertheless, it is most interesting of all, because it is linked together with pictures of the writer's home life down at St. Margaret's Bay. These pictures are homely and intimate and altogether delightful.

Sons and Daughters of the Soil

"HARVEST" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), by the famous French writer Jean Giono, which has been admirably translated by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers, and includes some beautiful wood-cuts by Louis Graux, is the story of characters so close to the soil that it is hard to distinguish them from the animals. Not, of course, in the sense in which human beings often refer to the animals, but in the sense that these characters, living in the remote corners of the Basse Alps, are, so to speak, so indistinguishable from the soil itself that only an inner human dream separates them from the flocks they tend. It is this human dream, however, which helps us to understand them, since probably it is the very first dream which ever raised humanity above its soulless fellow-animals and gave it power and the creative urge; bringing in their train happiness, ambition and heartbreak. The dream of love and home and companionship and human effort.

The characters are few, but they are vivid in the extreme. Especially that of Arsule, the woman who began life as a lowly café concert singer, descended into being a humble whore, and gradually found her own salvation in her association with Pantule, the man who lived simply by killing to eat. In the end, however, by their mutual companionship they raised themselves from the level of tramps into becoming prosperous farmers in a small way. That is, so to speak, the spiritual theme running through the story. But its charm otherwise lies in the really remarkable pictures it gives of French rural life as it is lived far away from any big cities, from scarcely any sign of modern progress or modern civilisation. They are inspired by the imagination of a writer who, though writing prose, is in reality a poet. I can well imagine that in its original French the story has even greater beauty, but, nevertheless, in its English translation, there are so many passages of real loveliness.

For the Chalk-and-Lime Gardener

SO far as I remember, Mr. Robert Jackson's valuable little book, "Gardening on Chalk and Lime" (Williams and Norgate; 5s. 6d.), is the first book I have come across which deals with the problem of its title, and deals with it not only hopefully but successfully. It will be especially useful to all gardeners whose gardening problem this is, because it gives valuable information concerning which plants like or dislike a lime soil. Also how the difficulty may to a great extent be surmounted. The book is charmingly illustrated by G. S. Thomas; but unfortunately it lacks a proper index.

Trouble in a Parish

FOR myself, I must confess that Miss Aldwyth Williams' hero in her new novel, "Pastoral Symphony" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), was handicapped by my prejudices from the start. I have slight sympathy for the troubles of a young Anglo-Catholic parson who descends upon a rural village, happy in its ancient religious forms, and immediately tries to convert it to his views. Moreover, I'm afraid that this young parson, the Rev. Paul Bremner, as he is here created, only helped to encourage my dislike. Evidently Miss Williams hoped to make him very impressive, a zealot spurred on by some divine inspiration. As a matter of fact, the result is a conceited prig, with the manners of a boor. Among his naturally resentful parishioners only the demure Lucy, born to be a church worker and in the vanguard of sewing-bees, understood his

priestly intentions. She was on his side from the start.

Not so Ivy, who had no morals, and tried to convert the Rev. Paul to her way of acting. He wanted however, to knock her down. In fact, he was always wanting to knock people down by way of argument. Ivy got engaged to a professed rationalist who, for the very slightest causes—or so it seemed to me—grew jealous of the young clergyman. So



Bertram Park

QUARTERMASTER THE HON.
PAMELA STANLEY

The Hon. Pamela Stanley, younger sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley, will be remembered for her fine performance as Queen Victoria in *Victoria Regina* given at the Lyric Theatre in 1937. She had played Ophelia to Leslie Howard's Hamlet in the United States the previous year, and has also appeared successfully on the screen. She has been interested in Red Cross work for the past ten years and is now Quartermaster at the Chelsea Red Cross Station Detachment 72



SIR CHARLES BARRIE AND HIS FAMILY

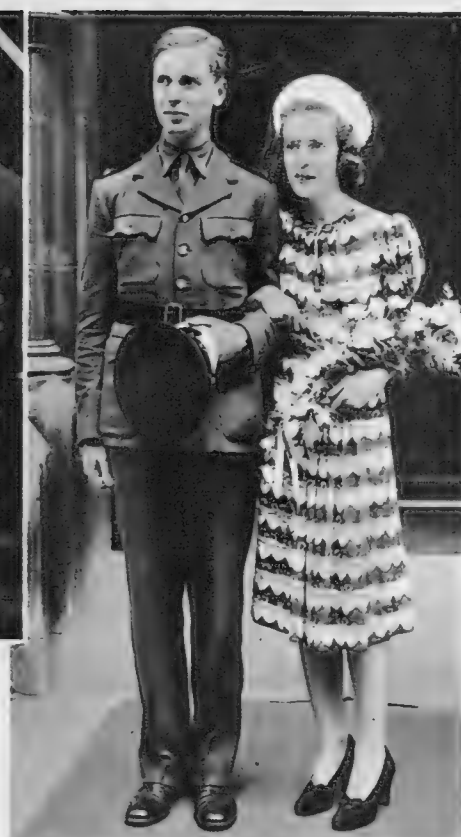
A peerage has been conferred upon Sir Charles Barrie, the well-known Dundee shipowner, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Dundee, and former Member for Southampton. He retired in February and his seat was taken by Sir John Reith. Sir Charles and Lady Barrie with their daughters, June, Carol and Rosemary, are seen at their home in Perthshire, Tullybelton, Bankfoot. Lady Barrie is the daughter of the late Sir James Broom. At the time of going to press the title selected by the new peer has not been officially announced

much so that he murdered her, or thought he had done so; coming afterwards to the Vicarage to confess. But Ivy was not the kind of girl who would let herself be murdered by anybody without a good fight. In the end we leave this strange state of affairs with Paul continuing his mission and Lucy humbly worshipping its disciple. The trouble, however, with the story is that Miss Williams seemed to be spiritually on the side of the mission while inadvertently bungling the disciple. Paul—for me, at any rate—was a very concrete example of its failure towards divine ends.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. IAN DAVY

The marriage took place at St. Andrew's Church, Tain, Ross-shire, of Miss Patricia Dick-Lauder, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir John and Lady Dick-Lauder, of Fountainhall and Arabella, Nigg, to Captain Ian A. G. Davy, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, only son of the late Major G. A. C. Davy, and Mrs. Davy, of Spean Lodge, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire



MR. AND MRS. LEOPOLD SEYMOUR

St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, was the scene of the wedding of Mr. Leopold Seymour, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. Richard and Lady Victoria Seymour, nephew of the Duke of Grafton, to Miss Sheila Butler, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Butler

CAPTAIN AND MRS. GEORGE BRODRICK

Miss Mhari Gourlay, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. Page Gourlay, was married on June 14 at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Captain George Brodrick, Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. G. J. Gould, and of Viscountess Dunsford

WARTIME WEDDINGS

One in Scotland—Five in London



MR. AND MRS. A. CREAGH GIBSON

The marriage took place at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, between Mr. A. Creagh Gibson, Inniskillings, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Gibson, of Welham Hall, Malton, Yorkshire, and Miss Barbara Blundell Brown, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Blundell Brown, of Earls Colne Place, Earls Colne, Essex



CAPTAIN AND MRS. NEIL WHITEFOORD

They were married on June 15 at Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair. Captain Neil Steuart Patrick Whitefoord, M.C., Irish Guards, and Miss Pamela Eyre Wood, of Cloghan Castle, Banagher, King's County, Eire. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving the church after the ceremony



MR. AND MRS. COLIN CORBET WOODALL

Second-Lieut. Colin T. Corbet Woodall, R.A., whose unit was a part of the force which fought that magnificent series of rearguard actions in the retreat to Dunkirk, was married on June 15 at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, to Miss Pamela Lever. The bride is Lord Leverhulme's cousin



IN THE GUARDROOM: RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN
ADMINISTRATION SECTION



IN THE ARMOURY: THE APPEALS DEPARTMENT HARD AT WORK

ST. JAMES'S PALACE IS NOW
A PARCELS OFFICE FOR
OUR PRISONERS OF WAR



GRAND STAIRCASE: PORTRAIT OF CHARLES II., BY PIETER NASON,
ON THE LANDING—BICYCLES BELOW THE STAIRS



IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY: PACKING DEPARTMENT
OF PERSONAL PARCELS—HENRY VIII. LOOKS ON



THE TATLER
No. 2035, JUNE 26, 1940

THE BANQUETING ROOM, FORMERLY DEPARTMENT FOR PACKING CLOTHES,
NOW FOR MEDICAL COMFORTS



VOLUNTARY WORKERS PUTTING LABELS ON FINISHED PARCELS
OF CLOTHING



SORTING GRADES OF TOBACCO BEFORE
PACKING AND DESPATCH



PACKING TINS OF FOOD,
TEA AND SOAP



PACKING CASES IN A CORNER OF THE PICTURE GALLERY

Under the auspices of the British Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Association a vast organisation is in operation for the supply of parcels to all British prisoners of war. The ladies who are engaged on this work give their services voluntarily, wear no uniform and prefer to remain anonymous. They work in the magnificent rooms of St. James's Palace, which has been lent for this purpose for the duration of the war. The collection of fine paintings still hang on the walls. Even on the landings of the main staircase typewriters are clicking, and Pieter Nason's portrait of Charles II. looks down upon them, apparently quite unmoved by these unusual activities. Large stocks of clothing and food are kept on the premises ready for despatch to the prisoners. One official parcel is sent each week from the Red Cross, containing tins of food, bread specially wrapped, soap and other necessities, cigarettes and tobacco being sent separately, while a personal parcel from the prisoner's family is allowed once in three months, but must first be examined by representatives of the Censorship. In the picture gallery the portraits seen in the photograph are those of William III. and Queen Mary, both by Godfrey Kneller, and that of Queen Anne is after Kneller. Collective parcels of medical comforts are sent to each prisoner-of-war camp every week

(N.B. Private parcels temporarily suspended)

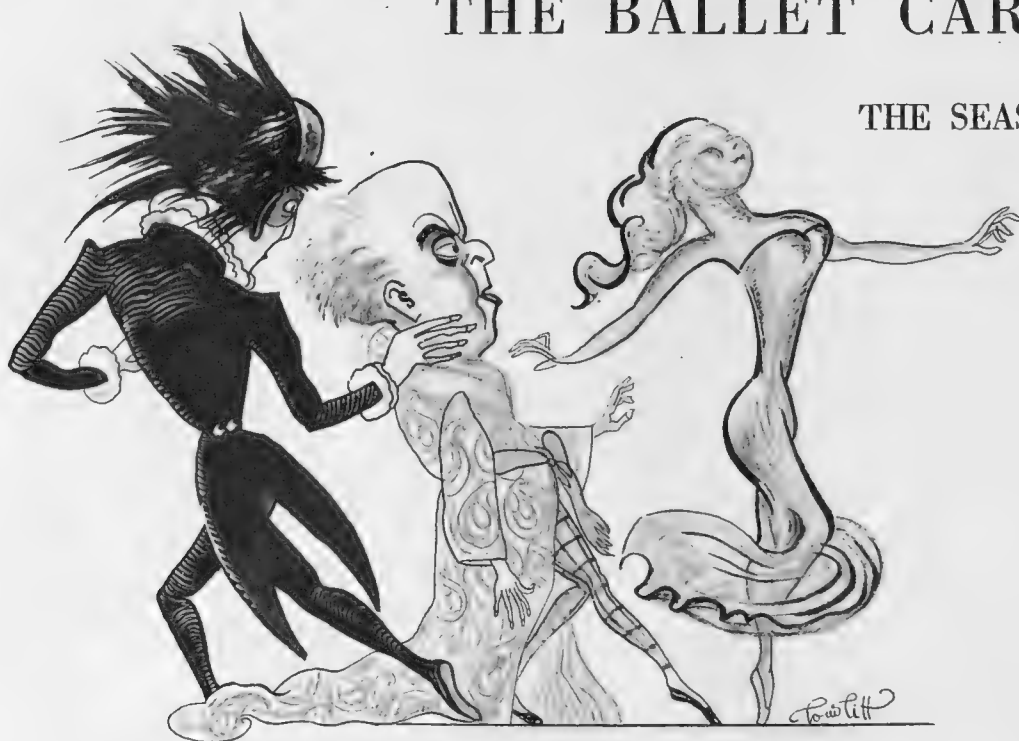


LOAVES OF BREAD BEING SEWN INTO WRAPPING READY FOR DESPATCH

THE BALLET CARRIES ON

THE SEASON AT SADLER'S WELLS

By ALAN BOTT



THE HAUNTED BALLROOM:
WILLIAM CHAPPELL, ROBERT HELPMANN
AND MARGOT FONTEYN

THE English Ballet carries on, growing better and better; and always, however hard the times, it gathers to itself a public just sufficient to make the carrying on worth while. Outside the quality of Inspiration, it is now as admirable, professional, attractive and artistic a Ballet as any that the world has seen since Diaghileff's great Russian company first declined and then split into fragments. And even Inspiration is among the guest-artists at Sadler's Wells.

It is English Ballet notwithstanding that the soul of it resides in Ninette de Valois, an Irishwoman who became French by adoption, Russian in her training and English only by marriage. Mme. de Valois, as Ballet's Gauleiter for Great Britain, has discovered, trained, adapted, fortified and organised the best native talent in dancing, whatever its origins: dramatic academy, music-hall, school class-room. She has done as much in assembling talented artists for imaginative *décor* (without which Ballet looks like an undress-rehearsal). And for notable music (without which Ballet is a skeleton) she can command the most distinguished of famous musicians, as well as the most ambitious among the young.

All of which was evident in the three ballets that were danced on the recent evening when Tom Titt and I went to Sadler's Wells. For the first, *The Gods Go a-Begging*, Sir Thomas Beecham has delicately "arranged" his Handel; and Mr. Hugh Stevenson, in his costumes and back-cloth, has caught more than the manner of Fragonard. The choreography by de Valois is as charming in conception as much that has been devised by Fokine himself. Excepting one small item, the grotesque dance for the black lackeys, which to me seemed rather untidy, there was precision, fragrance, lightness in all this pleasant pattern, not least among the *corps de ballet*. Miss June Brae danced the serving-maid with

particular grace. Mr. Deryk Mendel was an alert Mercury.

The Haunted Ballroom, being a dramatic ballet, needs much from its interpreters. Mr. Robert Helpmann is a good actor: as the Master of Tregennis his miming of terror and delirium, together with the phantom histrionics of Mr. William Chappell, overcame any thinness in the narrative theme. Beyond that, Mr. Helpmann as a dancer was vastly agile and always accomplished; and Miss Margot Fonteyn was all that the enthusiasts of Sadler's Wells held her to be. Miss June Vincent, as the young Tregennis, was aptly in the picture, despite a

costume that made her look like Little Lord Fauntleroy in a large red sash. A degree of inspiration comes into the symphonic picture with Mr. Geoffrey Toye's music. What verve, what brio, what fury and *fortissimo*; what crashing of brasses alternating with eerie whispers from the strings; what a *crescendo*, or rather, what *crescendi*! And in the choreography (Ninette de Valois again) what intricate, fast-changing and admirable mosaics.

Inspiration, most certainly, enters the ballet based on Blake's Vision of the Book of Job; but it belongs to William Blake and is conditioned by the extent to which his illustrations have been captured and translated. Dr. Vaughan Williams, the composer, has caught much from their mystical moods. So has Miss Gwen Raverat in the scenes designed for the Godhead and its attendant hosts: here she has made superb use of reds and celestial blues. On the other hand, the scenic backgrounds for Job, his family, flocks and miseries are in the nature of Every Picture Tells a Story; and the earthly dance-patterns follow the same formula. Admitting the contrast between the divine and the mundane, need the latter be quite so pedestrian? Meanwhile, Mr. Helpmann was a most demonic Satan, Mr. Richard Ellis did an aspiring *pas seul*, and all the celestial groupings were properly impressive (the choreography, of course, is by N. de V.). This *Job* ballet, in execution as in theme, is a better tract for the perilous times than most contemporary sermons on patience and fortitude.



THE GODS GO A-BEGGING:
RICHARD ELLIS, JUNE BRAE AND DERYK MENDEL



"Photo Anthony"

MARY HONER : SWANILDA IN THE VIC-WELLS " COPPELIA "

The new, completed, three-act version of *Coppelia* to Delibes' music which the Vic-Wells ballet company successfully introduced into their repertoire last spring, has reappeared and confirmed its popularity in the summer season, which is this month proceeding undisturbed (except for the loss of some costumes and scores) in spite of the company's exciting adventures when they were caught in Holland during the invasion. *Coppelia* has proved a brilliant personal success for Mary Honer, seen above in her costume for the new third act

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES: No. 4



TAKING ON A TOW

BY WING COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLE

The tenseness of the situation will be more keenly realized by the seafarer than by even the longshoreman. As explained by one of the former, the scene is of the moment when the wire passed from the tow has to be shackled to a cable. This appears to be not merely difficult but dangerous and obviously causes a packet of anguish



CLIVE BROOK (CENTRE) AS CAPTAIN ARMITAGE, COMMANDER OF THE NAVAL ESCORT

The escorting flotilla receives a false SOS from a damaged ship which has fallen out of the convoy, and which is being used as a bait to lure the whole of the little armada to its doom. The ruse does not succeed, and the U-boat, plus the *Deutschland*, is sent to the bottom

"CONVOY": A GREAT SEA STORY A THRILL A MINUTE

Michael Balcon's exciting film, which comes to the New Gallery about June 30, was made under naval supervision, and young Penn Tennyson, who directed it, made many perilous trips with actual convoys to get the authentic background. It is, in a few words, the story of a U-boat trap to catch the convoy and escort, and how a gallant merchant skipper defeats the Hun's design. This film is not a documentary, but a tale of high courage and adventure. There is a romantic incident, but the big story is the defeat of the marauding enemy warships



EDWARD CHAPMAN (AS ECKERSLEY, CAPTAIN OF THE TRAMP), AND JUDY CAMPBELL AS MRS. ARMITAGE, WIFE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE ESCORT



CHARLES WILLIAMS ("SHORTY" HOWARD), JOHN LAURIE (GATES),
AND CHARLES FARRELL (WALKER)



THE SOUTH FRONT OF DANNY, HURSTPIERPOINT, SUSSEX



A WESTMINSTER QUARTET RELAX IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT DANNY



The South Front, which harmonises delightfully with the older parts of the house, was built when Danny came into the hands of the Campions in 1702, in the architecturally restrained period of Queen Anne

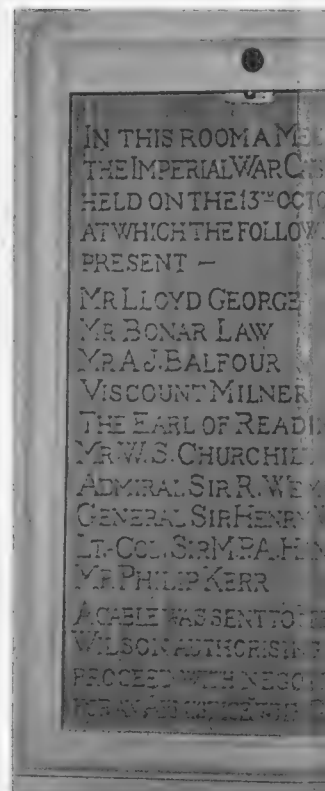


MR. ARNOLD WILLETT (ACTING HEADMASTER) OUTSIDE THE FRONT

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 5: DANNY,
HURSTPIERPOINT,
SUSSEX

HISTORIC ROOM
Sir William and Lady Campion, with their elder son, Mr. Simon Campion, in the room in which a meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet was held in 1918. Lady Campion is Deputy President of the Sussex Detachment of the Red Cross



"LAST TIME"
Danny has an important niche of the last war, for the house of Lord Riddell, and Mr. Lloyd was staying with him, called a Cabinet meeting at which it was instructed President Wilson to proceed with negotiations for the Armistice. Campion was at the time serving



TER) WITH SOME OF THE BOYS
NT DOOR



A VIEW OF THE ELIZABETHAN FRONT AT DANNY

The original, late Elizabethan front was built by Lord Goring at the end of the sixteenth century and is a fine example of the style of the period. The present owner of Danny is Colonel Sir William Campion, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., a former Governor of Western Australia



MR. SIMON CAMPION WITH TRACTOR-DRIVER GEORGE TUPPER AT THE HOME FARM

When the general evacuation of London schools took place on the outbreak of war, the most famous of them, Westminster, was split in two, to play Box and Cox, as far as class-rooms and playing-fields were concerned, with two Sussex schools, Lancing and Hurstpierpoint. Billets had, of course, to be found for masters and boys, and Mr. Arnold Willett, headmaster of the smaller Hurstpierpoint section, was fortunate enough, with two of his assistants, to receive the hospitality of Colonel Sir William Campion, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., at Danny, one of the loveliest of the country estates of Sussex. Sir William's generosity has indeed gone beyond that, and members of the school are free to visit Danny at any time for billiards, lawn tennis, and table tennis—an invitation which is fully appreciated by the boys

DANNY'S WAR GUESTS

Mr. Arnold Willett (extreme right) runs from Danny that part of Westminster which is at Hurstpierpoint, and the house and grounds give hospitality to his charges, of whom James Nicol, the head boy, and Anthony Elliot are seen on the right with Neale Edwards, young son of the Mathematics master, who is also among the "billetees"



the history
was let to
George, who
there the
decided to
proceed with
Sir William
ing in France

PICTURES IN THE FIRE By "SABRETACHE"

SO long as there is a moon tides will continue, and, as many persons know, tides ebb and tides flood, and they never have and they never will continue all in the one direction. This, it is suggested, is a comforting reflection at a moment such as the present one.

IN this connection, the new Order in Council which deals with people whose only object in life seems to be to spray everyone within range with the Blue Funk bug, does not come a moment too soon. It is now going to cost these persons a month's time and/or a fine of £50 if they pursue their quite infamous pastime, and it is probable that after they have had the first dose of this kind of medicine they will not find it as amusing to do the Fat Boy act as they thought it was before they discovered how extremely unpleasant it is inside, say, the Scrubs, Pentonville, or any of the many other suburban villas owned by the Crown. It is to be noted that the new Order in Council makes no mention at all of any exception for the Silly Ass type of Jeremiah. He is liable to go inside just the same as the person who prefers to go about the world doing his best to make everyone else as much like a wet white mouse as he is himself. This is no moment for duck-heartedness: though, quite equally, it is no moment for the flaming optimism of the kind which never gets anyone anywhere. It is the moment to square up to the facts, and by so doing beat 'em. We have quite a bit of lost time to recover, but we are at last going the right pace. The enemy is going the wrong pace, and that in the end is going to beat him.

THE more anyone sees of the Navy, the more, so I feel, must he be convinced that the remark of Facey Romford about women applies with redoubled force to those other things which are also "shes"—his Majesty's ships. Facey said: "The ways of women are wonderful." This was when Lucy Glitters was doing all that hard work with the turbot on its tail seal and stinging everybody all round. From some recent personal experience I learn that not only was all that "Bartimeus" said about corned-beef sandwiches absolutely true, but that the rougher the ocean the better is the provender which cooky produces from the galley. To a mere landlubber this is incomprehensible, because sailors do not live exclusively upon pancakes. Mutton chops and beef steaks and stew do not like being tossed. The fact remains none the less that ships' companies rather look forward to those

times when the loud-resounding sea is at its most tempestuous. I still maintain, however, that even to talk of food to most landmen when a ship is hopping from the top of one billow to the top

of the next one and landing with the same kind of shudder up your backbone that is imparted by a horse that lands on all four legs, is downright cruelty.

UNTIL quite recently I had not been in a fighting ship since a few months after Jutland. I thought things extremely up to date then, but now . . . The lay mind is quite unable to absorb all that it should, and I am still as much bemused where naval gunnery is concerned as I was on that exciting occasion just referred to. Roughly and very dimly the landlubber understands the general idea of one short, one over—they call it straddling—but how they ever hit a wobbling target from a wobbling platform still leaves me flat beat. I suppose it is all worked upon rather the same principle as casting a pack of hounds. When they throw up and the fox appears to have vanished into thin air, the stock recipe is as hort cast into the wind and a long one down, and quite often this produces the desired result. But a huntsman never has had his job made fool-proof. The sailor under these marvellous modern conditions has pretty nearly, if not quite, made his job so. I have seen so much more than I saw and tried hard to understand in 1916, and still I continue to come out by that self-same door by which in I went.

A landsman, however, ought never to hope to understand anything which has to do with an element which almost invariably gets the better of him and which has been known to floor even the most hardened salt.

AT this moment when money is a bit short, it is heartening to read in connection with the Spanish Treasure ships lying on the bottom of Vigo Bay:

"At the same time there was some genuine treasure at the bottom of the Bay, for it was brought up by a Scotsman many years ago, when the Spanish Government was claiming about 90 per cent. of anything recovered."

The son of Caledonia stern and wild cried off, and as they say dumped it in the sea again, because he considered the commission excessive. Since then, however, the rate has fallen, and it is to be hoped that some of the gentleman's descendants will have another go, and chip in with the gallant Dutchmen who are, or were, busy on the job. After all, it is only 138 years ago that Rooke put these old galleons down, and gold is not greatly affected by sea-water. That Scotsman knew that. It was only the business side of the adventure that choked him off.



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. PETER HUNT

Who has now got her commission in the A.T.S., is the former Miss Anne Stopford, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Arthur Stopford, Lord Courtown's brother. Captain Peter Hunt, to whom she was married in February, is serving in a very famous Highland Regiment



Truman Howell

THE NEW G.O.C.-IN-C., ALDERSHOT, AND STAFF OF HIS FORMER DIVISION

Major-General G. T. Raikes joined the 24th Regiment in 1903 and is one of five brothers awarded the D.S.O. in the last war—he has two bars to his. Major G. B. Sugden, also in the group, is a brother-in-law of Mr. J. P. Robinson, the famous polo player (a member of Lord Louis Mountbatten's team). Captain the Hon. R. E. B. Beaumont has been Member for Portsmouth Central since 1931 and Master of the Machynlleth Foxhounds since 1929

The full list of names in the group is: (seated) Major R. G. Prosser-Evans, Major G. B. Sugden, Lieut.-Colonel P. A. Whitcombe, Brigadier E. L. Armitage, Major-General G. T. Raikes, Colonel N. C. D. Brownjohn, Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Macartney, Colonel T. F. Arnott, and Major A. P. Brooke; (second row) S.M. Chapman, Lieut. Hughes-Jones, Lieut. J. A. Hood-Daniel, Captain F. L. Dean, Major C. J. V. Burlison, Lieut. H. B. Gould, Captain J. C. G. Sutton, Lieut. A. P. Barnett, Captain McLellan, Major E. C. Rowberry, Captain Rev. S. Wheeler; (third row) Lieut. J. A. Smith, Captain the Hon. R. E. B. Beaumont, M.P., Captain G. C. Murphy, and Captain W. T. Williams

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CANNED GOODS WHICH ARE
THE FINEST PRODUCED

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THE TATLER
SHORT STORY

GUEST NIGHT

BY WILL ALLEN

SO they'd asked me to dinner in the mess. Well, that was nice of them. An old retired fellow like me. I suppose, as I'd given their younger members the use of our tennis court, they felt they ought to do something in return to show their appreciation. Anyway, here I was a guest of the mess on the invitation of the adjutant in what had been the lounge of our local hotel, now taken over by the military and used as a smoking, or ante room in the evening and a class-room by day, for this was some sort of school where the young idea was taught how to become an efficient officer. The senior was a colonel, recalled off the retired list to take charge of the school principally for disciplinary duties I expect. There were younger ones to do the actual instruction.

I had a look round. About thirty officers were there, mostly one or two pips with a small proportion of captains. The chief interest seemed to be at one end of the room where there was a small bar hatch presided over by a woman who had obviously done the best she could to make herself look attractive, but the rush of business on this guest night had somewhat marred her efforts, bending down to draw glasses of beer from casks, reaching up for bottles on high shelves and diving for the till at the end of the room for change, was hot work.

I sipped an aperitif out of a damp glass with the adjutant. When the colonel arrived he came over to us and I was introduced. Presently we went into the dining-room where we had quite a good dinner and afterwards drank the King.

During the meal the conversation around me turned continually to the shortness of equipment. How the four guns they used to have were taken away on the promise of more up-to-date ones to be supplied which had never arrived. So now they had none. All the best instructors sent away to Norway. No one knew who would have to go next.

After coffee we returned to the lounge where the colonel was standing with his back to the fire, I was alongside him, the adjutant sitting on the arm of a chair and several more officers grouped around. I don't quite remember what the topic of conversation was, but we were all interested and with the help of whiskies and soda, the evening was going well.

It must have been nearly eleven, and I was beginning to think it was time I made tracks for home. Quite suddenly there were two sharp knocks on the door of the room. This was odd because every one, servants and all, had been coming and going through that door all the evening. Talk stopped. There was a pause, as if every one was wondering who should say "Come in." All eyes turned to the colonel, and he said:

"Come in."

The door opened suddenly and a German officer, complete with great-coat and tin helmet took one step into the room, the revolver in

his hand covering us all, and said sharply:

"You will all please put up your hands."

For a moment there was hesitation. Then we all raised our hands above our heads.

Two German soldiers in full war outfit, and also carrying revolvers, stood behind him. After a moment, whilst he looked us all over, he said:

"Nobody will please to leave this room. It will not be safe to do so. I will return later. You will stay here."

He turned on his heel and left the room followed by the two soldiers.

Slowly our hands came down. No one said anything. What thoughts were passing through our minds? I glanced towards the bar hatch and could see the back of a German soldier with a section of his belt showing through the square. I personally did not know what to think. I felt a kind of hopeless feeling. It was all wrong. How could these chaps have got here? From the coast? It was too far off. By parachute? Landed by plane? None of these things seemed feasible.

But here they were and it was in some way terrifying. It surely could not happen here in peaceful Devonshire. Was it some infernal joke to pull my leg? I was a retired sailor and one never knows what these army fellows may be up to. But on looking round their faces I was sure it wasn't a joke.

The colonel looked a bit pale and was biting the end of his moustache, a habit I'd noticed he had. Now all eyes were fixed on him. Everyone seemed to expect him to be the first to speak. There was a pause. At last:

"It looks as if we'd been had," he said.

"I'll try this," he remarked and rang the bell by the fireplace.

After a little while the door opened and one of his own orderlies came in.

"What's going on outside?"

"Nothing that I can see, sir, except there's these fellows everywhere. When your bell rang one of 'em told me to come in and see what was wanted, but not to be too long."

"Is the house surrounded?" asked the adjutant.

"I don't know, sir. I can't see out of any of the windows with this blackout business."

"All right," said the colonel. "You'd better go back." He turned to me.

"It's the devil. What can we do? About four hundred men in the town and not a rifle or any kind of weapon amongst them."

I couldn't say anything. I was wondering what was happening at my own house. Probably they had not yet bothered about isolated houses in the country. Concentrated more on the towns and where troops were. There was a telephone on a table in the corner and after looking at it once or twice the colonel said to the adjutant: "Try if you can get Buncombe, and see if anything has happened there."

The adjutant dialled the number and listened. Then he carried on a conversation with someone. Turning to the colonel he said: "I'm only talking to the mess corporal, but he says much the same thing has happened over there as we have here."

"Are they doing anything?" asked the colonel.

"He says, no, sir, that the place is full of armed Germans and they haven't got a popgun amongst them."

"All right. Ring off," then said the colonel. "Try and get so-and-so," giving the name of the headquarters of the district where there were some regular troops.

The adjutant dialled the number and listened. But the phone was dead.

No one spoke. There was nothing to say. Every one was wondering what the next move would be.

There was a sharp knock on the door. For some reason I answered it.

"Come in."

"Good morning, sir," said my valet as he entered with the morning tea tray.



Bertram Park

LADY WARRENDER IN UNIFORM

Lady Warrender, the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, is an officer in the Women's Transport Service, F.A.N.Y., and president of the "Poland's Armed Forces Comforts Fund," an organization which does excellent work for the Polish armies training in France, including the provision of a mobile canteen, whose personnel are members of the F.A.N.Y. Corps. Lady Warrender is the daughter of the late Colonel R. H. Rawson, and a sister of Lady Leonfield



MIRIAM HOPKINS AND ERROL FLYNN IN "VIRGINIA CITY"
This exciting if not quite unusual story of the American Civil War opened at the Warner Theatre on the 21st. Errol Flynn plays the Yankee Intelligence officer, and Miriam Hopkins a Confederate spy, and the war conveniently terminates to permit their romance being brought to its appropriate and obvious end



ELLEN DREW AND BUCK BENNY IN "BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN"
This really good "Western" started its London career at the Plaza on June 14. Buck Benny, according to American information, is in love "up to the eyebrows" with the lovely Joan (Ellen Drew), and he would hardly be human if he were not

AMERICAN LIFE

Reflected in films of the moment

(ON RIGHT) GINGER ROGERS AND MARJORIE RAMBEAU
IN "PRIMROSE PATH"

The world has known for some time past that our well-beloved Ginger's talents extended far beyond dancing and the lighter parts of her profession. This knowledge was first conveyed to us in *Stage Door*—in which she stood out in a very brilliant cast in which the leading light was Katharine Hepburn. In this new film, which opened at the Gaumont on June 14, she gets another chance and takes it with both hands. Joel McCrea is the male lead. A sordid little story, but a good acting part for Ginger!



THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

Vive La France!

THE tragedy to France overshadows every happening on the Home Front, every individual anxiety and sorrow. As the Queen said with such emotion on the wireless, the anguish of France is our anguish. The news of German tanks in the Champs-Élysées, and of the swastika rampant on the Tour Eiffel, produced an acute sensation of personal grief, and, like the Queen, we each remembered happy days in Paris, sunlit holidays in France, gaieties and elegances too French to translate, too ephemeral for words to recapture or for the Boche to eradicate. If the Germans had taken Edinburgh, and were motor-bicycling down the Royal Mile to stick their vulgar emblem on the Palace of Holyroodhouse, I could not be more unhappy; and my feelings are shared by every Scot, and countless others whose second country France has been since Dumas and Victor Hugo enthralled our infant imagination. We Francophiles salute with brimming hearts "that nation which has

combined most completely the qualities of action and thought, the arts of life and learning."

An Irish Link with France

THE death of Mr. Andrew Bonaparte-Wyse, late Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Education in Ulster, recalls an interesting link with Napoleon. A niece of the "Little Corporal" married Queen

Indian soldiers, whose bearing and neatness, after all they had been through, were worthy of the Kipling tradition. Queen Mary stopped to speak to a young French gunner officer who, detached from his unit, had been rescued with some British gunners. She asked whether he was French or Belgian, and he told me that he had never enunciated the word "*Français*" with greater intensity. This tired survivor was tremendously impressed by the perfection of the Queen-Mother's French. She speaks without any accent whatever, unlike her royal daughter-in-law, whose slight but definitely Britannic accent charmed Parisians two years ago. They found her fluency in their *belle langue* immensely flattering, and her accent as appealing as we find Lady Bessborough's in England, for example.

"Beaufortshire's" War Effort

SIR Humphrey de Trafford's only sister, "Vi," Mrs. Keith Menzies, is one of "Beaufortshire's" most able war-workers. She runs the Red Cross at Sherston, that sleepy little Cotswold stone town, set on a hill between Malmesbury and Badminton. Her house was the scene of a recent "Bingo" party in aid of the Red Cross. Dozens of neighbours paid willing seven-and-sixes to enter the tournament. I had played before, on the *Queen Mary*, during a peaceful Atlantic crossing

(Continued on page 510)



THE SOMERSET HERALD OF ARMS AT HOME

The Hon. George Rothe Bellew, half-brother of Lord Bellew, under the trees at his home, Holly Lodge, Englefield Green, near Egham, with his wife, formerly Miss Ursula Cull, his son Richard, "Bismarck" the dachshund, and "Lotto" the spaniel. Mr. Bellew was appointed Portcullis Pursuivant of Arms in 1922; Somerset Herald in 1926, and Registrar of the College of Arms in 1935

Victoria's Ambassador in Greece, Sir Thomas Wyse, whose descendants enjoy French citizenship as well as British. The new head of the family, Andrew Bonaparte-Wyse, has been studying to be an architect in Dublin, while his wife, "Mimosa" Chichester (niece of Sir Raleigh Chichester, Constable of Burton Constable, Yorkshire), is in the W.A.A.F.S. in London. They spent five years, until the war, at their *château* near Avignon, which fair and storied district has been visited by German bombers with high frequency.

Queen Mary's War Work

THE foremost of West Country workers is Queen Mary, who never spares herself in any good cause. To her fell the sad rôle of one of the chief mourners at the beautiful memorial service for Lord Frederick Cambridge and Lord Erne, at Badminton Church. Those members of the hunt who are not serving elsewhere (namely, women and elderly men) attended to pay tribute to the Duchess of Beaufort's brother and to Lady Beatrix Stanley's son, who was killed within twenty yards of the spot where his father fell in the last war. A week or two before I watched Queen Mary inspect some groups of survivors from Dunkirk, in camp. Her Majesty was loudly cheered by a company of



INTERESTING SCOTTISH ENGAGEMENT

The engagement has been announced between Captain the Hon. Simon Ramsay, younger son of the late Earl of Dalhousie, and of the Countess of Dalhousie, and Miss Margaret Stirling, elder daughter of the late Brig.-General Archibald Stirling of Keir, and of the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, daughter of the thirteenth Lord Lovat. Captain Ramsay is the brother and heir apparent of Lord Dalhousie



MR. AND MRS. C. W. "PETER" HORDERN

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Willoughby "Peter" Hordern after their marriage at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The bride, who wore pale hyacinth blue and carried a bouquet of orchids, was Miss Jocelyn Wingfield, the popular daughter of Brigadier the Hon. Maurice Wingfield, late the Rifle Brigade, and a brother of Viscount Powerscourt, and of Mrs. Wingfield, of Ashby Pastures, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire



"I WISH you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly," said Alice.

"All right," said the Cheshire Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest had gone.



"Curiouser and curiouser," said Alice, after watching it for a minute. *"I do believe it's coming back again. Here come the eyes and the nose, and the rest of the head, and the body, and OH, MY GOODNESS!"*



Happily, the smile in the face of a Guinness does not fade away, however difficult the times. That smile becomes *your* smile. The strength of Guinness becomes *your* strength. As a natural tonic, Guinness

is unequalled—not least because "a little of what you fancy does you good." Treat yourself to a Guinness at lunch, or after work, or with your evening meal. Guinness is good for you.

A glass of GUINNESS is a cheerful sight

THE HOME FRONT—continued

last year, and half-American Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke was also familiar with the shipboard version, but "Bingo" is an innovation in these rural parts. The Menzies' evacuees had a table to themselves, and were vociferously thrilled when one of their bright children won a prize of sweets. Mrs. Stanley Clarke, who is staying with another soldier-polo-player's wife, Mrs. Charles Tremayne, at Easton Grey, has got her children with her. She expects to be called up as a non-mobile V.A.D. at any moment. She and her hostess have done their three months' training in the local hospital. The Stanley Clarks must be thankful he was not, after all, appointed an extra Military Attaché in Rome earlier this year! Also "Bingoing" were Mrs. "Bob" Leaf (who won a bulb-bowl) and her sister, Mrs. Deacon. In normal seasons they would be watching every polo match with expert knowledge of the game, but now they are digging for

next village) were Sir Gerard Fuller's delightful unmarried sister, Maude, who is busy with A.R.P., and with the dispersal of seven hundred new evacuees in the Chippenham area; Mrs. Herbert Holt, whose house is now a school; pretty Lady Kathleen Eliot, whose mother, Lady Blanche Douglas, also lives at Sherston; Mrs. Philippi, from Ladyswood, whose husband is the polo-player in peacetime; and, wearing seasonable pink linen, Mrs. Geoffrey Barrington-Chance, another soldier's wife. She and her sister, Mrs. John Fane, are better remembered perhaps as Falconer-Wallaces, older sisters of "Dandy," who married the Edinburgh heiress, "Toby" Wishart-Thomson.

The Countryside Bereaved

SHERSTON, like every other neighbourhood where landed gentry and retired Service families predominate, is suffering many griefs. Lord Cavan's sailor brother, Lionel Lambart, has been widely mourned. Another sailor, Lord Westmorland, happily still with us, was

thoughtless beauty is in direct conflict with the minds of men. Mrs. Kingscote's only child, Joyce, who married Mr. Hugh Brassey last year, is now in Egypt, where her husband has been on sick leave from his regiment.

Newcomers to "Beaufortshire"

INTERESTING newcomers who have moved in near Tetbury are Sir Kenneth and Lady Clarke, with their three children. He is "the National Gallery man" to whom Sir Philip Sassoon left some wonderful possessions, and she as likeable as her husband is cultured and enterprising. Mrs. "Charlie" Cooper ("Estelle") is sharing her lovely house with her sister-in-law, "Joyce" Scott, Sir George Cooper's red-haired daughter, whose husband is in the Royals. Both these young mothers are involved with various war-works, but the outstanding "Beaufortshire" workers are the two "Vi's"—Menzies and Kingscote. There are no tennis-parties, except an occasional evening game, with supper to follow, at the "motor magnate" Hartmanns, who have moved to Luckington from Lewes, but in



FILM PRODUCER ATTENDS FIRST NIGHT

Mr. Gabriel Pascal, who is directing G. B. Shaw's *Major Barbara*, saw the production of *Gaslight* at the Odeon on June 17, and is seen in the foyer with Mr. Leslie Howard, now featuring Ashley Wilkes in *Gone With the Wind*, at the Empire



AT THE ODEON IN LEICESTER SQUARE

Mr. Charles Harding with Miss Kathleen Sinclair, daughter of Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons since 1935, now Secretary of State for Air in Mr. Churchill's War Cabinet



WARTIME FILM FIRST NIGHT

The première of *Gaslight*, which was given at the Odeon in aid of Lady Yule's Allied Services Club, was very well attended. Mr. Campbell Grey is seen with Miss Diana Wynyard, who plays the lead in this film with Anton Walbrook

victory, and have the largest cabbage-patch in Luckington, where their neighbours include Mrs. Cator and her sister, Mrs. Dundas, whose house and garden are a model of old-world charm and fragrance. Mrs. Cator's daughters, Mrs. Geoffrey Pease and Mrs. "Flash" Kellett, are among the best-known racing women. The latter is in Palestine, where a number of soldiers' wives are immobilised for the duration. Luckington's Red Cross sewing-party owes much to Mrs. Cator's energy and to Mrs. Brinton's hospitality. Colonel and Mrs. Brinton, who have a nephew in the 12th and a son-in-law in the Norfolk Regiment, were very popular in Gibraltar, where they lived until last year, when "general post" began.

Others at the Keith Menzies' (as distinct from the Stewart Menzies', who live in the

sighted on leave, very sunburnt even for the always rubicund "Burghie." There is much rejoicing over the safe return of the Rev. "Jack" Gibbs' brother from Narvik, where he was British Consul, and reported missing for a long time. He did a wonderful job of work; a tale which cannot be fully told yet. His own escape ranks with some of those in John Buchan's "Book of Hurried Escapes and Journeys." The Rev. "Jack" Gibbs is "Beaufortshire's" most popular parson and best preacher. A large congregation sits under him, even on these petrol-less Sundays.

No chronicle of war-work in this immemorial corner of our England is complete without Mrs. "Vi" Kingscote, who gets up one jumble sale after another, for material for her working-party at Pinkney. The last raised £20, which in a tiny village is worthy of remark. Tall, dark and handsome, Mrs. Kingscote is a great gardener, and her flowers at Pinkney Court never looked better than this year, when their

Bath I met the Somerset champion, "Jack" Lysaght, wearing white flannels, with his car full of tennis racquets.

Except for the presence of uniforms which are ubiquitous these days you would never know there was a war on in Bath. The band still plays in the public gardens in the afternoons, the Avon flowing sulkily by; the antique-shops are full of treasures, and the warm springs still burble into the ruined baths, where nothing is changed—or not much—since ancient Britain was polished by the Romans. But tea-shops are unusually full of children, and the Abbey of worshippers who do not wait for the set hours of services. The Emperor of Abyssinia was in the Abbey not long ago. Haile Selassie must be wondering if the wheel of his misfortune is about to turn again.

Captain Cook

Took

The juice of the lime.

At this time

The intrepid explorer

Would have taken KIA-ORA.



PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

What Check!

A MAN knocked up a doctor late at night and enquired what his fee would be to attend a patient at a country house some miles distant. The doctor quoted a guinea, and as the visitor agreed, turned out of bed, got his car out, and took the caller along with him. When they reached the house, the passenger pressed the money into the doctor's hand, thanked him and said good-night. "But what about the patient?" asked the doctor. "There isn't one," said the man, "but as the taxi quoted thirty shillings for the journey, I thought you'd be cheaper." That's a true story of an occurrence near Wrotham, in Kent. Can you beat it for downright effrontery?

A Bristol High Spot

NEXT time you're in Bristol and want a good meal or a refresher, look in at a recently re-fashioned restaurant in the centre of the city, called Mauretania. Its exterior does not do full credit to its sumptuous and entertaining inside. For its *décor*, furniture and appointments, charmingly put together, came partly from the old Cunarder from which the place takes its name, and partly from other Atlantic greyhounds, one of which was once under German control. The lounges and bars are bright and cheerful, while the dining-room, which serves an amazing selection of good food, has an air of deep luxury.

The Late Humfrey Symons

FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. E. SYMONS, well-known motor writer and traveller, was killed during the Dunkirk evacuation. This news will be a sad blow to his many friends not only in this country, where he was universally liked, but also in France, Africa and America, where he was well known to the motoring fraternity. Humfrey was a good companion if ever there were one. It is just about a year ago that I accompanied him on the last J.C.C. Rally to America, our car being a Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." On this trip Humfrey played the rôle of motoring ambassador, publicist and *bon viveur*. The fame of his record-breaking run from London to the Cape on the Wolseley car, in the course of which he and his team-mate, H. B. Browning, ran off a bridge into a crocodile-infested river, had spread to the States, and though often tired after a long day's run, it was never too much trouble for Symons to grant interviews to the journalists who met us at every stopping-place. Besides African adventures in Morris, Wolseley and Rolls-Royce cars, so vividly and humanly described in his book "Two Roads to Africa," Humfrey had driven in many Alpine trials. He started his motoring career on the staff of the *Motor*, and even then

possessed a sparkling and amusing style. Later he became the motoring correspondent of the *Sunday Times* and also of *The Sketch*. Among his many attainments was an intimate knowledge of French and a pleasant touch with the camera or ciné. And now, he is gone, though not forgotten.

Six Months' Insurance

THE insurance for one of my cars expired in June, and thinking that it would be easier if it started in January, I asked my

insurance company to renew if for the next six months only. To my surprise they pointed out that a six months' renewal would cost more than a twelve months', because the shorter period is calculated as seven-eighths of the annual figure, and in addition a no-claims bonus would not be allowable.

Anonymous Roads

A cross-country journey to-day, especially at night, is no tea-party. Signposts, milestones, and probably hotel and garage advertisements giving place names have been removed, painted out, buried, and otherwise rendered useless. If you ask the way, you're probably mistaken for a parachutist on the prowl, and in any case your lights will be so feeble that, even if you do know the way, there's every chance of missing a dim turning or fork road. Mention of lights reminds me of an excellent mask I've fitted recently. Called the "Hartley," it is made at Wellington Mills, Greenfield, near Oldham, Lancs. The Gloucestershire police use it on their fleet of Ford cars, and its results are so good that whereas with the ordinary mask under certain circumstances a speed of, say, 25 m.p.h. is a safe limit, you can go up to 35 m.p.h. with the "Hartley." Home Office tests of this mask in conjunction with the regulation 36-watt bulb show that the beam strikes the road surface at about 20 ft. and extends visibly up to 120 ft., at which distance intervening objects are discernible. The spread of the beam is wide enough to light walls, kerb-stones and road-verges. The price of the mask, which is made in a number of diameters to suit standard lamps, varies from 10s. upwards. My own tests bear out the opinions of the experts, and I feel about fifty per cent. safer at night than I did before.

The L.D.V. Patrols

I know it's a bore to be pulled up several times in an evening by L.D.V. sentries and asked to produce your identification papers, but remember these chaps are only doing their duty, and as most of them are giving up a night's rest after a hard day's work, and that without payment, it's a much greater bore for them. Some motorists, when stopped by the volunteer sentries, seem to take the action as a sort of personal affront, whereas it is nothing of the kind. Even officers in uniform must comply with the request to stop, for even in this country enemy agents may be disguised as members of the Forces. So have your identity-card ready in the cubby-hole and then your hold-up will only be a matter of a minute or two. What happens if you've left the card at home I don't know, but, at any rate, everyone has been warned enough on the B.B.C. and in the Press. One dodge is to paste the card on the back of or into the car driving-licence.



MR. AND MRS. T. DAVID EVANS, WHO WERE RECENTLY MARRIED AT PURLEY

The charming bride was Miss Lesley Jenkins, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jenkins, of Purley. Mr. Jenkins is Secretary Controller of the Anglo-American Oil Company and is now Controller of the Petrol Board. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of Wenvoe, Glamorgan. The wedding was at St. Mark's, Purley



A SALVATION ARMY MOBILE CANTEEN

Troops on duty in London were lucky enough to meet this unit on the Embankment. About 750,000 Servicemen are enjoying the homeliness of the Salvation Army Red Shield Clubs every week. Scores of Mobile Canteens, here and overseas, each visit twelve or more isolated units every day. Navy men, Airmen, Merchant Seamen, Canadians, Anzacs, French Poilus, Women's Auxiliary Forces—all are served

Quality
Tells

THE TATLER
No. 2035, JUNE 26, 1940



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE PRINCE
OF WALES
1936



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M.
KING OF SWEDEN



Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



"Yes, Ossifer—I know she's cross-eyed, but it don't show in the milk"

AMONGST the first batch of volunteers for the Canadian Army was a cowboy in full cowboy outfit. When he appeared on the range, all eyes were on him. Everyone was rudely shocked, for he missed with every shot at 100 and 200 yards. But he scored a bull with every shot at 500 yards. As he was leaving the range, one of the onlookers asked him how he accounted for his freak performance.

"Well, Mister," he explained, "'way back in Texas we never bother to shoot at anything less than 500 yards; we just throw stones."

A newspaper reporter approached an official of the Ministry of Information and inquired whether British troops had gone into action.

"I'm sorry, I cannot say," replied the official.

"Well, they're in position, aren't they?" pressed the reporter.

"I'm sorry, I cannot say."

"Is a statement likely to be made soon?"

"I'm sorry, I cannot say."

The reporter gave it up. Just as he was opening the door to leave, the other called him back.

"Don't quote me, will you?" he requested.

THEY were talking about coincidences. "The most amazing thing of the kind that happened to me," said one, "was at Newmarket last year. It was the eleventh day of the eleventh month. My boy was eleven that day, we lived at a house numbered eleven, and so I backed the eleventh horse of the card in the big race."

"And it won?"

"No, the darned thing came in eleventh."

PAT was in the Constabulary, and was on night duty in a small town in the South. As he turned the corner of a street he came up against a man who was a stranger to him.

"It's a foine noight," said Pat.

"It is indade," replied the stranger.

"I'm thinkin' you're new to this town?" inquired Pat.

"In a way Oi am," was the reply; "but I like the look of the place, and I was thinkin' of openin' a jeweller's shop here."

"Bejabers," said Pat encouragingly, "but it moight be a splendid plan. There's a lot of wealthy people round about here."

When Pat reported himself in the morning he was asked if he had met anyone.

"Sure," he replied, "the only wan I met was a dacent

gentleman who tould me he was goin' to open a jeweller's shop in the town."

The Inspector grunted. "So he did!" he said angrily. "He not only opened a jeweller's shop, but he took away several hundred pounds'-worth of stuff."

"An' do you tell me that?" said the astonished Pat. "Well, well!" he added, "the fellow may be a dirty thafe, but, begorra, he wis no liar!"

AN R.A.F. man went on a solo reconnaissance flight, and encountered six Messerschmitts, who attacked him. He managed to beat them off.

"But why didn't you send out a radio message for help?" asked a comrade on his return.

"Oh," he replied. "I thought you only did that when you were in difficulties."

THE seven-stone jockey married a woman at least twice his weight. After the ceremony, he asked some of the guests to drop over to his flat. The best man looked doubtful.

"Thanks, old man," he said, "but after all, it's kind of late. Maybe your wife wouldn't approve of company at this hour."

The jockey shrugged. "Oh, I don't expect you chaps to stay long," he explained. "All I want is for you to help me carry the bride across the threshold."

AT an inquest on a Scotsman killed in a London street, evidence was given to show that he had plunged into the traffic to pick up what appeared to be a sixpence, and had been struck afterwards by a bus. Without retiring, the jury returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

However, before the court was cleared, a new witness arrived to state that the article the Scot had observed in the street was not a sixpence, but a bottle-cap, so the jury, again without retiring, altered their verdict to "Death from shock."

IT was a terribly hot day, and the batch of new recruits tramped through the heat and dust of the country road, their tongues almost hanging out with thirst.

As they passed a nice little country pub, one soldier turned to his companion and said, very wearily: "Now you know the difference between hiking and route-marching. When you route-march, you pass 'em."



"Bertram—listen. I have been asked to baptise a battleship!"

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ITALIAN
STYLE
(Sweet)

3/9

FRENCH
STYLE
(Dry)

4/3

★MAKE IT A 'GIN AND BRIT' NEXT TIME

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

Appreciation

WEEK after week I write in the knowledge that when my words appear the air war may have entered an entirely new phase. One thing, however, is sayable now; a thing which, being a record of past fact, cannot be altered however the battle may turn. It is to pay tribute to those who, in the Churchill Government, have undertaken the duty of building up our air strength at top speed. Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary, Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production, and those called to special service on the emergency committees and other organizations. If it is possible to put a year's work into a week, these men have done it.

We can be frank now about the past, though recriminations would be a waste of time. But we can admit, that the politicians and the industrialists grievously misled the nation as to the air position. Lord Baldwin's promised air parity with the strongest air force within striking distance of these islands was not achieved. Lord Caldecote's frequently expressed satisfactions at Britain's defence strength were never justified. The aircraft industry's reiterated view that it could produce enough machines to give us air security without calling on America proved utterly ill-founded. But those errors and misjudgments are past. Beyond seeing that those responsible do not have the opportunity to let us down again, there is nothing more to be said about them. Those brought in to set the wrongs of their predecessors right have worked wonders and it is to them that we now look for salvation.

Work

I have seen so many Air Ministers come and go that I am always interested in the way they tackle their first weeks of office. Sir Archibald Sinclair's method has been to retire almost completely from the public gaze, to make no public statements, but to work like ten on the essential problems before him. Lord Beaverbrook characteristically cracked into his job the very minute he was appointed

and red tape had the worst time in its long, involved and laborious career. I feel that my earlier judgment that the Beaverbrook appointment was one of genius has been justified in the event. He is perhaps the only man in England who had sufficient strength to be able to cope without fear or favour with an industry which has in the past made a point of keeping itself to itself and having no truck with vulgar outsiders.

Nobody appreciates more than I do the good work done by the aircraft industry, but the revelation of how extensively it has led the country up the garden in the past made it essential that somebody should cope with it

"PRISCILLA IN PARIS"

THE TATLER anxiously awaits news of "Priscilla," whose weekly letter from Paris has not arrived as we go to press. "Priscilla in Paris" has been a regular feature for many years.

ruthlessly and rationally. That Lord Beaverbrook has done. For that feat alone we must forgive him all the things we disliked so much about the pre-war policy of his newspapers.

Command of the Air

And now let us see to what end these people are striving so desperately. What is air supremacy? It has often been pointed out that absolute command of the air, in the sense that no enemy aircraft are permitted to operate at all, either by day or by night, is unattainable. That is admitted. But practical air supremacy is by no means unattainable. It means supremacy in aerial battle so that the enemy losses on the average are much greater than our losses and so that in aerial bombing we hit the enemy more heavily and more often than he hits us.

In Norway, for instance, where the enemy's bombing was almost continuous, we were not

able to do much to counter it owing to lack of air bases there. In France and Flanders the position was a little better. Both sides did a lot of bombing during the stages of the great battle which led the Germans—at the time I write this—to Paris. But in the air neither side showed the slightest sign of gaining real air supremacy. The hitting was about even, our pilots and aircraft crews making up for their shortage in numbers by more continuous and more skilful operation. If in the near future the Allied air forces—and here a special tribute must be paid to the heroic work of the *Armée de l'Air*—can really turn the scale in the air and achieve supremacy, I believe that the possibility of victory through air power coupled with sea power will turn to a probability and then a certainty. So the word to Sir Archibald Sinclair and Lord Beaverbrook is still: keep at it.

Grounds for Praise

And now a word in praise of those amazing ground staffs which have kept and will keep the Allied air forces in the air. Fitters, riggers, mechanics of all kinds with their attendant tradesmen, engineers and others have worked wonders. They are not much in the public eye, for their work is not spectacular. But if any one in this war deserves the highest commendation that can be bestowed, they do.

Talk with the aircraft crews and the first thing they will tell you about is the wonderful work of the men on the ground who have prepared and repaired their aircraft and seen that every time an Allied machine goes out to meet the enemy, it is at the highest pitch of efficiency that human skill can put it. While the German advance has been going on, their work has been more than ever difficult. They have had to make many moves, often at short notice. They have been subjected to many attacks. But they have overcome all difficulties and faced all attacks with imperturbable cheerfulness and have maintained the high standards of their work just as if they had been doing it under peace conditions. Salute to the ground staffs of the Allied air forces!



THE HEADQUARTER'S STAFF OF AN R.A.F. STATION

Some of our rapidly expanding air force, now much reinforced at home by the return of some units from France, a movement rendered necessary by certain recent happenings. The key to the names is as follows:

Back row (l. to r.): F./O. M. W. Edwards, F./O. J. W. Smith, P./O. C. B. Marshall, P./O. J. Rose, P./O. J. E. R. Wood, P./O. D. H. Grice, F./O. E. J. Gracie, Capt. G. L. Scott, 2nd Lt. J. E. Crowther, 2nd Lt. A. T. Taylor, P./O. J. L. Flinders, P./O. R. Herrick, F./Lt. R. E. G. Wendt, F./O. E. W. Mitchell, F./O. P. D. L. Yorke. Centre row (l. to r.): F./O. J. C. Stone, P./O. L. C. Cesek, P./O. D. H. Pexton, F./Lt. B. C. Curwood, F./Lt. R. J. B. Jackson, F./Lt. J. G. Derry, F./Lt. G. D. Ashby, F./Lt. M. N. Crossley, P./O. T. C. Parker, F./O. G. Henderson, Capt. I. S. Hampton, P./O. J. K. Chatham, F./O. J. W. E. Davies, F./O. W. B. Mortimore, F./O. C. Osmond, F./Lt. A. J. P. Groom. Seated (l. to r.): F./Lt. E. E. Deans, D.S.C., A./S./O. P. Beecroft, S./Ldr. C. H. Schofield, A./S./O. Lady H. A. Blunt, S./Ldr. R. V. Alexander, Major F. W. Howard, D.S.C., S./Ldr. R. A. Chignell, W./Cdr. R. Grice, D.F.C. (Commanding Officer), S./O. A. F. Nicholl, S./Ldr. H. A. B. Russell, A./S./O. P. F. Johnson, F./Lt. E. P. L. Baker (Station Adjutant), A./S./O. S. M. McCall, S./Ldr. B. C. Moody, M.B.E., F./Lt. P. J. Holt.

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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

THERE is little time to spare for the buying of trousseaux; as a matter of fact, they are generally last-minute affairs. Realizing this, Walpole's, of New Bond Street, are making a feature of the important accessories at particularly pleasant prices. The wrapper pictured below is made of linen-finished cotton, and although it is washable, the cost is merely 25s. The pockets are edged with white, which greatly increases its charm. There are simulated satin negligees for £2 2s., and a host of other interesting things, particulars of which may be found in the catalogue, sent on application



THERE is no doubt about it that Selfridges, Oxford Street, do excel in the creation of wedding dresses, and the prices—well, they are just right. To them must be given the credit of the chef d'oeuvre above, for 6½ guineas. It is carried out in broché satin, or, if preferred, moss crepe may be used. The train is cut in one with the dress. It can be arranged floor length if desired; as a matter of fact, it is a particularly adaptable frock. The headdress, in which silver wheat and arum lilies share honours, is 18s. 6d., while the tulle veil is 10s. 11d. There are wedding dresses for 3½ guineas

Photographs by Studio Life

Fight Dingy Teeth



Sound White Teeth are half-the-battle

Your teeth play an important part in helping you to "win through!" Keep them sparkling white by using this new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' by its action in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth—especially smokers. Try the only toothpaste that contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they become a natural white—and stay white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the dentifrice to do it every time. Get a tube today. If you have a relative or friend in the "Services," include a tube in your next parcel.

6d., 10d. and 1/6. Sold everywhere.

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summer weather is a sheer necessity and

there just isn't any substitute for it—

and that's Robinson's Barley Water.

It's not just a thirst-quencher—

though it does that most

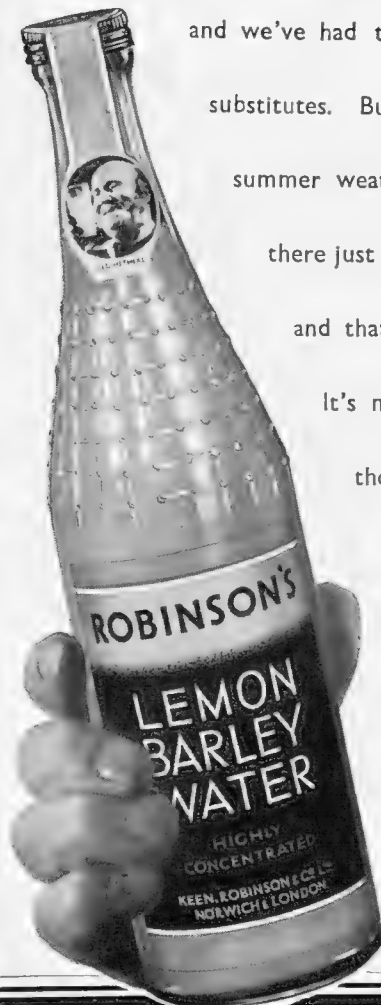
satisfactorily—it cleanses the

whole system, as any doctor

will tell you. And you've a

choice of three flavours—

lemon, lime or orange."



Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd.,

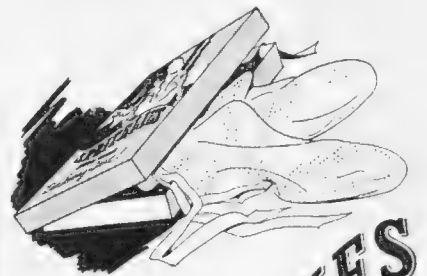
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Wear them while you sleep!

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Complete with directions and re-medicating Powder sufficient for 3 months' use.

From **Boots** Heppells, Timothy White & Taylors, and leading Chemists and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:
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Proprietors of Glovelies, the well-known night gloves), 1-3 Golden Lane, London, E.C.1.

WHY CAN SOME PEOPLE STAND UP TO THE STRAIN

while others go to pieces?



*It all depends on whether you belong
to the right Sleep Group*



1st SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. There is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood activate their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

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Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time . . . it prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman.

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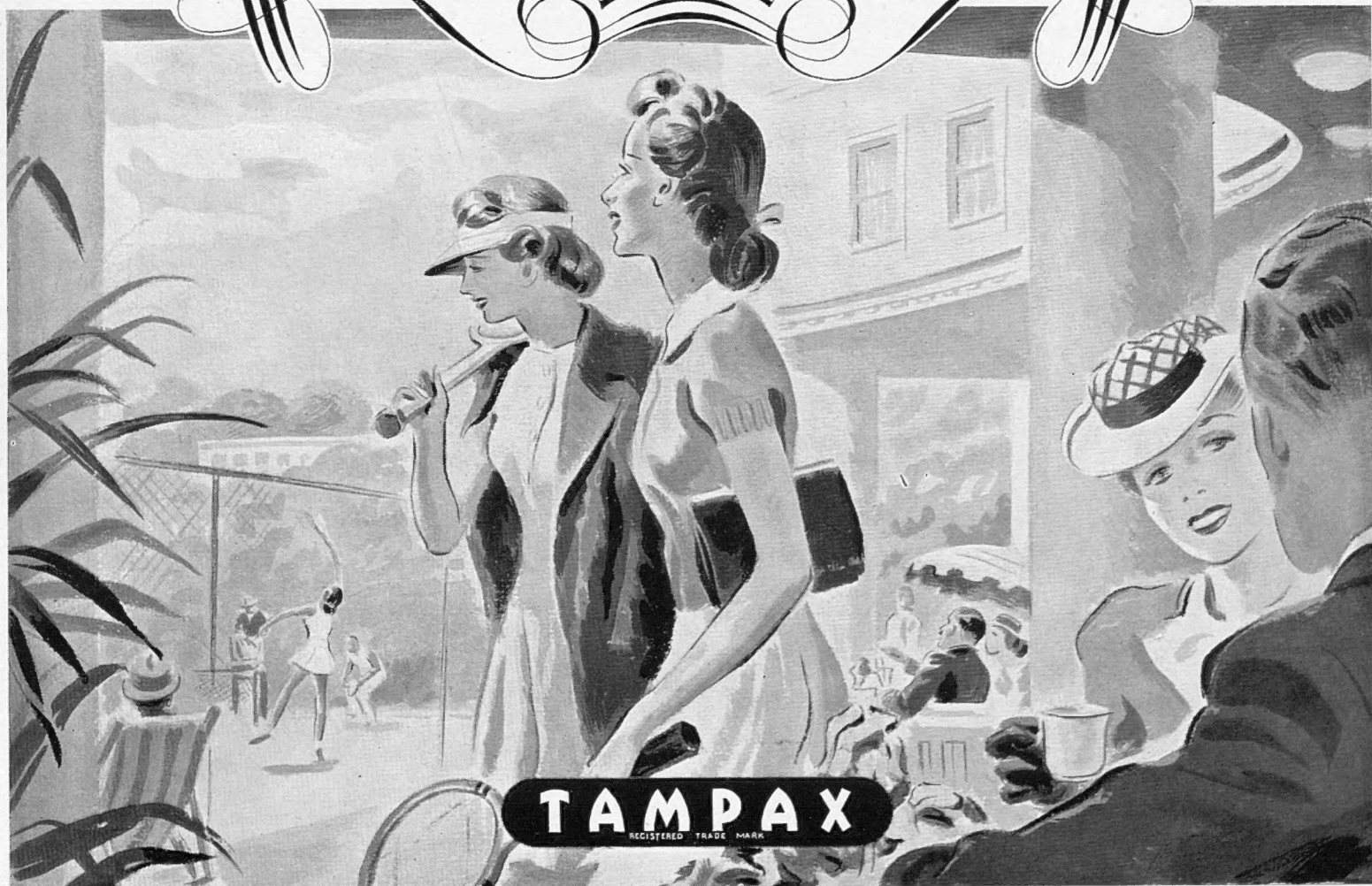
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MEADE - ANDERSON

The marriage took place on June 15, at All Saints', Wokingham, between Mr. John Meade, Welsh Guards, of Farley Court, near Reading, and Miss Eve Anderson of Ashridgewood, Wokingham

RECENT WEDDINGS



LIEUT. & MRS. CHARLES MOTT-RADCYFFE

Whose marriage took place recently at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. The bride was formerly Miss Diana Gibbs, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. Gibbs, of Severalls, Hatherop, and her husband is Lieutenant Charles Mott-Radclyffe, Rifle Brigade, son of the late Lt.-Col. C. L. Radclyffe, D.S.O., and Mrs. Mott-Radclyffe, of Wickham, Hants



SELWYN - FITZGERALD

The wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, between Sub-Lt. A. W. Selwyn, R.N.V.R., and Miss Nesta Elizabeth FitzGerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris FitzGerald

The Way of the War—(Cont. from page 486)

Ambassador should be sent to Moscow originated from the Russian side. The difficulties which for several weeks prevented Sir Stafford Cripps from starting on his mission were due in part to the strong opposition exerted by Germany on the Russian Government. But Sir Stafford has arrived and has been having some long talks with M. Molotov, the Soviet Premier and Foreign Minister. Meantime considerable Russian armoured and mechanized forces have assembled in Lithuania, on the eastern flank of Prussia and similar movements have been reported from Russian-occupied Poland. Consultations have been proceeding quietly between Russia and Turkey. The latter certainly has no wish to see Europe dominated by Germany in perpetuity.

It would probably be going too far to infer from these events that Russia and Turkey are about to go to war against Germany, though their ultimate attitude might well be strongly influenced by that of the United States. But the very fact of their consultations, which is known in Berlin, seems to be causing the German High Command some uneasiness. Again we can reflect on the extent to which the German forces are now spread out and the millions of resistant peoples they have now taken under their sway. So far Hitler has succeeded in avoiding repetition of the 1914-18 mistake. At no moment has he had to fight on two fronts simultaneously. He would be gravely alarmed if he thought such a development were impending. For he has thrown almost all his forces into the battle for France and to reorganize and transport them to another distant theatre would be an appalling task.

For Britain and those stout-hearted Frenchmen who will be answering the summons of General de Gaulle to continue the struggle, the appeal to the whole world is to rally around the standard

of freedom. It is an appeal which can be heard and acted upon in every country, whether groaning under the German heel or still enjoying uneasy independence. It is an appeal which has already



MR. AND MRS. KENNETH ALLPRESS

Who were married at All Souls', Langham Place. The bride was Miss Mary Joyce Owen-Evans. The bridesmaids were Lady Patricia Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley, and Miss Myrna Lloyd Davies

profoundly impressed the peoples of the American continent.

At the moment there is a good deal of misconception about the attitude of the United States. In the last weeks every kind of public and private plea has been addressed to President Roosevelt for an American declaration of war. It is perfectly true that such a declaration would profoundly affect the attitude of several powerful states now standing outside the fight. But for all practical purposes the United States are already at war—on the Allied side.

Public opinion in the States has developed with an impelling rush as one by one the independent countries of western Europe went down before the German onslaught. The president has allowed himself to be carried forward by a popular demand which he himself started but has never unduly forced. Today the Allies can carry on their fight in full confidence that the whole weight of America is at their backs.

For a moment it looked as though the fall of Paris and the events immediately following would lead the American people to conclude that their help could be of no avail, must come too late. That feeling passed when Mr. Winston Churchill asserted in unequivocal terms that Britain and her empire would fight on, if necessary for years, until victory was won. At once the United States reacted favourably, seeing the British Isles as the outpost of American civilization against the advancing hordes of barbarism. American determination to help was powerfully reinforced. In such circumstances a formal declaration of war would be more or less academic. If, or when, the United States declare war they will do so at the time and in the circumstances best calculated to help an Allied victory. And, after all, we must allow to them that same freedom of judgment on such a matter as we have claimed for ourselves in the past.

DON'T TAKE HALF-WAY MEASURES WITH A HEADACHE

If you want to get rid of a headache, get rid of it properly. Don't just ease the pain for half an hour and leave the cause alone. Practically every headache, whether it comes from too much work or worry, or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, is really caused by what doctors call an acid condition.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you've got to counteract that acidity, and 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the way to do it.

A sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds, and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effect. It's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites Heppells or any chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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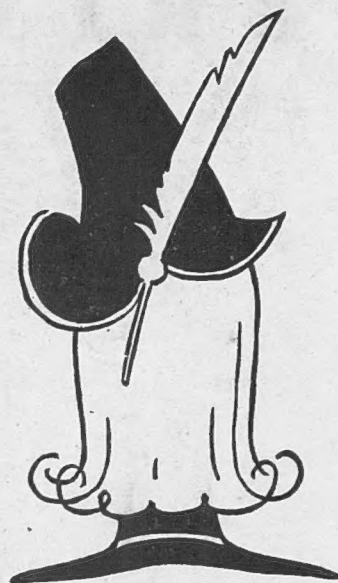
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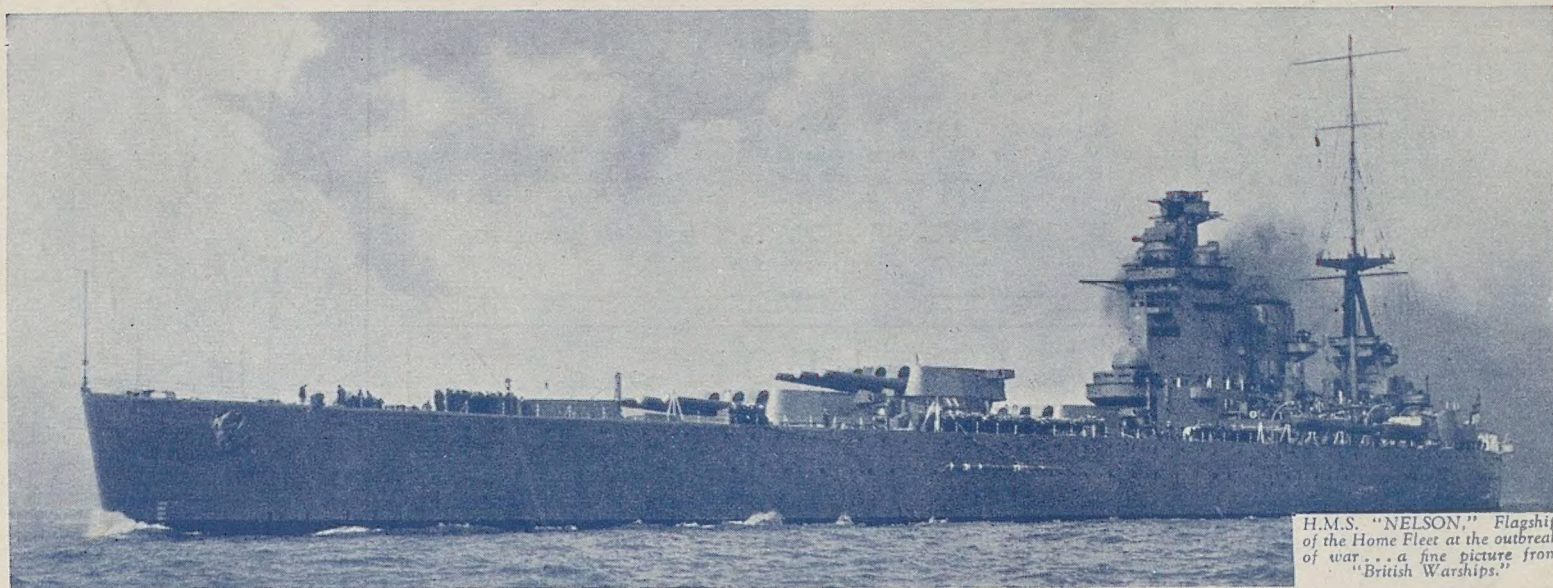
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